CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c

May 20 1961



BEGINNING

THIS LIFETIME IN CANADA

Best of an extraordinary new book by RALPH ALLEN



PART 1

IN THIS CORNER SIR SAM HUGHES

The strangest warrior who ever misled this country into battle

Confessions of a Dale Carnegie graduate

The singer who conquered facial paralysis

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THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S!

One tragic kind of retardation is about to be licked

Here's how diagnosis can halt the horrors of PKU

A young couple in western Ontario have had three children, all boys. All three were born with the same affliction, phenylketonuria, more commonly called PKU and by any name one of the most tragic if infrequent forms of mental retardation known. The first died when he was three. The second is in the Ontario hospital school for retarded children at Orillia, condemned to a life of idiocy. The third is well on his way to a normal (except for a special diet) and healthy maturity. Now there is hope that by the same method that saved him, phenylketonuria will be wiped out in Canada.

PKU strikes only once in 25,000 births; about 20 babies in Canada this year will be afflicted. At birth, those babies will be normal, except for an inability to absorb an amino acid found in proteins. If PKU is diagnosed in the first weeks of their lives, its effect can be neutralized, though the babies will remain on special diets for life. Undiagnosed, it creates a toxic action that eats away at the brain. Within months, the child with undetected PKU is beyond help.

It is the diagnosis that is vital, and it is through diagnosis that PKU may be beaten. For years, doctors have known of a simple test: when a few drops of ferric chloride are dropped on a phenylketonuric's diaper, they turn a bright green. (The western Ontario couple's third son was tested in his first week of life.) But, because the disease is so rare, the test is seldom applied.

This year, the Canadian College of General Practice is urging its members to test *every* baby under their care and, to make it easier, is attempting to distribute to every family doctor in Canada a test kit of ferric chloride. So far, the test kit has been well received.

"Blanket programs of this kind," says an editorial in a recent Bulletin of the college, "are often unwieldy and impractical . . . [But] no one will find an early case (of PKU) unless he looks for it."—SHEILA KIERAN

WATCH FOR

MORE PITCHES on the pride of multiple ownership. L. L. Colbert, president of Chrysler, recently said the trend to owning "a stable of two or more cars" could make the auto market of the 60s thrive. The Bell is pushing phones for bathrooms. One TV-set sale in eight is now for a second set, one in five boat sales for a second boat. The Crane people are cheering a "trend toward a bathroom for every bedroom." Kodak says 5% of "advanced amateur" camera fans now own six or more cameras. Radio manufacturers are aiming at four sets per family—instead of today's average of three in the U. S. And, also in the U. S., homeowners are building second residences (mostly for vacations) at the rate of 100,000 a year.

HOME STEAM BATHS: A New York company has completed the prototype of a unit you can install in your bathtub or shower.

ORIGAMI—the Japanese children's fine art of paper-folding. It's catching on in the U. S. as the biggest oriental fad since Mah-jong and already at least one bookstore in Toronto is having trouble keeping the half-dozen books on Origami in stock. Actually, it's the game that almost everyone played as a child—making paper airplanes, hats and bombs. But a real up-to-date Origami artist can make, from a square piece of rice-paper, models of fish, birds, animals and half a hundred other objects.

QUIETER P.A. SYSTEMS—even airline announcements you can understand. Instead of a few loud amplifiers the new system uses a lot of quiet ones, and the sound comes to you like a whisper from close by.

MORE STOCK to be offered to Canadians by foreign-owned companies operating here (one result of Donald Fleming's baby budget).

How some U. S. tourists can beat duties legally

Unless the U. S. Congress goes down the line with President Kennedy in his plan to reduce the duty-free allowance for American travelers abroad, duty-free shops should help—at least in the east—to revive our drooping tourist trade this summer. Last year, the continent's first such shop (it's something like those at Ireland's Shannon Airport) did more than $600,000 business—and, it's estimated, brought three times that in new tourist money into the surrounding area. This year the man who started it will open a second shop, in Niagara Falls, Ont.

The first one is on Hill Island, one of the St. Lawrence River's Thousand Islands, this one just west of Brockville, Ont. The man who runs it is John David, a 49-year-old Czechoslovak immigrant and wartime British intelligence agent.

Almost single-handed, David convinced the Canadian government and Thousand Islands-area merchants that the duty-free shop would bring in American shoppers. The system works like this: The goods David carries include cameras, lenses, projectors, radios, watches and clocks, tweeds and wool goods, perfumes, linen, jewelry, china and crystal. Almost all are imported from Europe and almost none are duplicated in local stores. At David's shop they sell for from 25% to 50% of what they'd cost in a Canadian store. The shop is a bonded warehouse of the Canadian government. The tourist visits a showroom. He pays for (but does not take with him) the item he wants and is given a receipt, which he declares at U. S. customs. Later, a shipment containing a duplicate of what he saw in the showroom arrives at his home. Officially, his purchase has never been in Canada: it has only rested in the warehouse, and is not subject to Canadian duty. It isn't subject to American duty, because of the tourist's traveling allowance. Currently, that allowance is for $200 after a 48-hour visit once a month, or $500 after a 12-day visit every six months. Even if Kennedy's recommendation that such allowances be cut to $100 goes through Congress and the cut is made to affect travelers to Canada (which isn't likely), the tourists will be able to take home some fairly valuable goods. The allowance is figured on the *wholesale* value of the goods, so for $100 a tourist can probably take into the United States, say, a camera for which he's paid $125.

David's second shop will open this summer beside the Seagram Tower, a 300-foot observation platform being erected on a hill overlooking Niagara Falls. Unlike the Hill Island shop, the one at the Falls will be open year round.

Meanwhile, David is expanding the Hill Island operation. Already, there's an "Arctic Exhibit Building" full of northern lore and Eskimo art. This summer, David will open a restaurant featuring Arctic char and will bring down two Eskimos who, through July and August, will demonstrate carving for visiting tourists. Next year, if the project continues to prosper, he'll open something called a "botel," where sailors can tie up for the night and get a shower, and a motel, with some of its rooms in the 200-foot observation tower David now has under construction.

Unable to beat them, Davies joins the academics

ROWLANDS: I have taught in a Canadian university for twenty-five years. How many generations is that? How many students? I don't know. I have faithfully unlocked the treasures of a great literature for them all, and in all those years, and among those students, do you know how many I have found who had wit enough to know what wealth I offered? Three, Szabo, three! And they are all three in the States, now.

Not long after Fortune, My Foe, the play for which he wrote these lines, was published, Robertson Davies, a now-47-year-old playwright, novelist, editor, essayist, columnist and puckish observer of the Canadian scene, confessed to a friend that what he really wanted in life was a challenging university post. In 1963, Davies will get it. That autumn, he'll become the first Master of Massey College—a $1,500,000 addition to the University of Toronto that will be the



first institution of its kind in Canada.

Massey will be a residence—complete with central court, ornamental pool, dining room, library and reading lounge—for 70 of the U of T's most promising graduate students; it will be something like Oxford's All Souls College. It is the gift of former Governor-General Vincent Massey who, at the time, expressed his hope that the college would be in the hands of "a distinguished scholar with a warm personality."

How does Vincent Massey like the appointment of Davies? "We were delighted," he said, in a formal statement. "He will bring to the position a rare combination of qualities—fine scholarship, unusual ability as an administrator, the grace and dignity which belong to the position and an exceptional capacity to deal with the practical problems that arise in the running of a modern college." An official of the university was even more enthusiastic. "He'll be a real catalyst," he said. "Just imagine sitting and talking with that man."

The master-to-be himself is unavailable for comment. Mr. and Mrs. Davies have fled what Rowlands called "this raw and frigid land" for a holiday in Portugal.

An Indian Indian prepares to leave Canada's north

One April morning this year, in the Anglican chapel at Inuvik, a small town on the Mackenzie delta, the favorite teacher at the government school was married, wearing her favorite dress—a sari. Chaturi Vaswani, from Bombay, had come a long way to meet her husband, Henry Raine, and to teach white, Eskimo and Indian students the rules of English composition.

In 1959, after five years as press secretary to the Indian high commissioner in Ottawa, Miss Vaswani went north. She found her grade three and four pupils "on the whole, a happy lot, although I didn't get to meet any adult Eskimos or Indians." She found the weather, which often drops to 50 degrees below zero, invigorating. She also found a "mutual photographic interest in northern sunsets" with Henry Raine, a Swiss-born construction man who was surveying the Inuvik townsite.

Miss Vaswani's family comes from Karachi, where she was born, but in 1947, after the partition of India, they moved to Bombay. She has a BA from the University of Bombay, an MA in journalism from the University of Syracuse. Since 1959 she has been a Canadian citizen.

When the school term finishes, Mrs. Raine will join her husband at the Brazeau dam site in Alberta. She plans to teach—if a job is available—and to write about her experiences at the Inuvik school. "I will certainly miss my pupils," she says. "But they're much too young to miss me."—DON PEACOCK

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: When are imperialist aggressors not imperialist aggressors?

ENGLISH IRREGULAR VERBS, a parlor game that had a brief vogue a dozen years ago, produced conjugations like "*I* am witty, *you* are talking too much, *he* is drunk," or "*I* have the New Look, *you* have let down your hem, *she* has had that dress since before the war." The same formula might describe the attitude of the United States during the crises in Cuba and Laos:

"*We* are resolute defenders of freedom in all parts of the world.

"*You* are cowardly neutralists (if you don't want to harbor our nuclear warheads, and take our military advice).

"*They*, those rascally Cubans and their *Russian* advisers, are Communist imperialist aggressors whom we cannot allow to dwell so near."

President Kennedy said: "The American people are not complacent about Iron Curtain tanks and planes less than ninety miles from our shores." We don't wonder. It does make people nervous to have an enemy so close, all the more when he has established himself on territory that had seemed almost like part of the homeland. But ninety miles is almost exactly the breadth of the Formosa Strait, which separates mainland China from the American tanks and planes and landing-craft at the disposal of Chiang Kai-shek. The air miles between Havana and New York are not many, but they are almost as many as lie between Moscow and the NATO base at Izmir, Turkey, which is staffed in part by American officers and has American IRBMs in its arsenal. And the U-2 incident last summer was a sobering reminder that bases of the same kind and capability almost surround the Soviet Union, a fact about which the Russians are probably not very complacent either.

Of course if there is no hope of peace, if sooner or later we must try military conclusions with the Communist bloc, then all allies of the U. S. should be glad that we have these "forward bases" that may give us some brief military advantage. We should not be surprised, though, where the Communists take every opportunity to acquire similar "forward bases" of their own in the countries (which may become more numerous than they are) that fall to Communist revolts.

If, on the other hand, we still may hope for a peaceful accommodation between the two hostile giants, the Cuban experience is a lesson of a different sort. It is a reminder to us in North America of how people feel about a hostile base only ninety miles away — a reminder that peace will have to mean some disengagement, and that disengagement will have to be a movement in both directions.

MAILBAG: Canadians selling out? Sure — to anxious buyers / Perils of a phone number

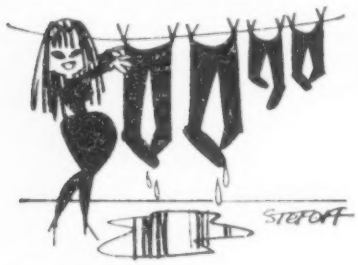
F. J. McDiarmid (For the Sake of Argument, April 8) is certainly correct when he claims that Canadians are selling out their country to the Americans . . . But I can only laugh at Mr. McDiarmid's contention that the U. S. has no conscious desire to dominate or remold other nations in their own image. Spreading the gospel about the "American Way of Life" is almost a national obsession. As for Cuba, United States non-intervention in the recent revolution sets something of a precedent. The United States intervened in Cuba in at least two previous instances. Neither has she been loath to bully and intimidate her neighbors both north and south, when there was a chance to grab some extra land.—VICTOR T. REYNOLDS, MILLBOURNE, PA.

Pad, sweet pad

The Last Bohemia (April 22) has inspired me to write:

I am a beatnik, dressed in black
Upon my head my hair I stack
Around my neck a chain does dangle
On my wrist there is a bangle.

On the floor there is a candle,
And a pot without a handle,



Our darling baby lies asleep
While roaches round his feet do creep.

I sit and stare with lined-eyed gaze
At the pictures — riotous blaze.
My soul returns their message, crying,
While my leotards are drying.

The dawn is coming, grey, then light.
We've almost finished for the night
I fall inert across the pad —
I'm going back to mother, Dad.
—MRS. P. BENNETT, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

The evangelical CCF

Ralph Allen's article, What the new party wants that Tommy Douglas has (April 8), has been read and enjoyed by many of our Saskatchewan readers. There is an error, however, when you state: "With no provincial election due until 1964, the Saskatchewan CCF is beginning . . . to show distinct signs of losing its evangelical zeal. Recently the party had to close its Regina headquarters for lack of funds, even after making a desperate last-minute appeal to the thousands of families who used to pay its overhead with their two- and five-dollar bills." Following our appeal to our rank and file supporters throughout the province there was a tremendous response as is indicated by the fact that [whereas] at the end of December 1960 we had only received something over $6,000 toward our annual quota, at the end of February 1961 approximately $45,000 had been contributed and the constituency organizations are still very active. We do not feel that this is an indication of the party losing its "evangelical zeal."—PERCY BROWN, PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, CCF, REGINA.

Suicide can be prevented

As a psychiatric case worker, I was especially interested in the article, Suicide, a disease that can be treated (April 8). This is a high form of journalism and your writer did a real job of bringing out into the open a subject too long tabooed and ignored by the head-in-the-sand general public. Depression is a disease I see all the time in my work. It *can* be treated effectively; it must never be ignored. In by far the large majority of cases, suicide should be anticipated and prevented.—DR. MURRAY KAUFMAN, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Why one phone is unlisted

Regarding your Preview item, New status symbol: an unlisted phone (April 22): According to you and the Bell Telephone Company, I am some kind



of a snob. Let me give you my reasons for an unlisted phone. First, I pay for the phone and surely it is my privilege to say if it be listed or not. Secondly, I work hard for a living and when I get home I do not want to be annoyed by: radio and TV surveys (I could not care less how they stand); male and female salespeople hounding me to buy something I neither want nor can afford; sex fiends making indecent proposals (and don't tell me it doesn't happen). Until the Bell can cut out these annoyances, my phone remains unlisted or the phone company has lost a customer.—MRS. WILLIAM WARREN, KINGSTON, ONT.

The Sons will survive

In her April article (The man who was too native for the native sons, April 22), Shirley Mair in effect glamorized Bernard Glaum, an ex-member of the Native Sons of Canada. But this 1957 entrant into the Toronto Assembly was not expelled because he was "too native," but because he was "too immoderate" for the Native Sons. This fraternal, non-political, non-sectarian society of Canadian-born men for 40 years has officially cultivated a true and reasonable national spirit in our country without disloyalty to our institutions or discourtesy to those who differ. They have been, and intend to remain, 100% Canadian in their appeal to those who love their native land or the land in which they have chosen to live. But they have not, and will not, condone insults to the Crown or to those who have not learned to love Canada for itself alone. In a word, they are *pro-Canadian but not anti-British*. Publicity and members obtained on any other basis will be rejected . . . . Bernard Glaum appears to have thought the Native Sons of Canada were *not Canadian enough*. He was given credit for good intentions and allowed ample leeway. But when, in his public actions and utterances, he went beyond what was approved by the Society's national executive, he was, for this and other reasons, expelled. The Native Sons will survive . . . .—E. A. CARROLL, NATIONAL PRESIDENT, TORONTO.

✓ I realize that you must keep the contents of your magazine as colorful as possible, but to try to achieve this by printing articles on the exploits of every rabble-rousing, street-corner crackpot is really below your usual standard.—HELEN WINLAND, TORONTO.

The unsinkable Rough Riders

I read Ralph Allen's article, The Unsinkable Charlotte Whitton (April 22) with interest and the only fault I have to find with it is in the name of the football team you called the Roughriders. They are actually the Rough Riders. The former version belongs in Regina. —FRANK SWANSON, OTTAWA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 8

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

VOLUME 74 *May 20, 1961* NUMBER 10

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In this corner, Sir Sam Hughes

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By refusing to wear anything but needle-point shoes, five million supposedly adult Canadian women have tortured and deformed themselves. But look what they'll be wearing next

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PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

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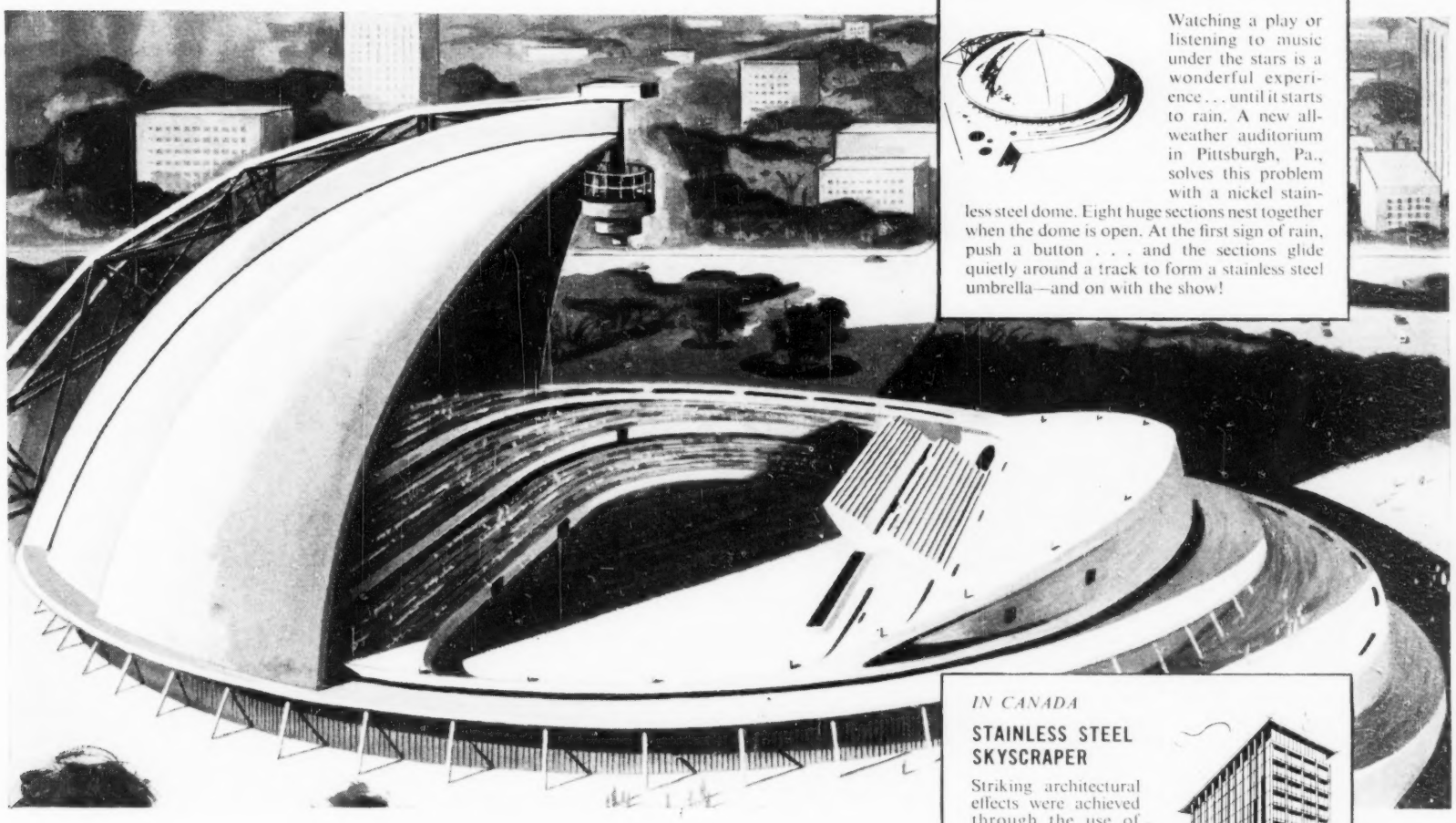
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INCO DEVELOPS WORLD MARKETS FOR NICKEL



IN THE UNITED STATES

STAINLESS STEEL UMBRELLA

Watching a play or listening to music under the stars is a wonderful experience... until it starts to rain. A new all-weather auditorium in Pittsburgh, Pa., solves this problem with a nickel stainless steel dome. Eight huge sections nest together when the dome is open. At the first sign of rain, push a button . . . and the sections glide quietly around a track to form a stainless steel umbrella—and on with the show!

IN CANADA

STAINLESS STEEL SKYSCRAPER

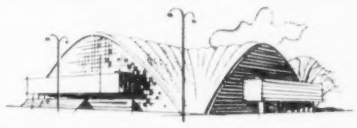


Striking architectural effects were achieved through the use of nickel stainless steel curtain wall panels for the new head office building of Union Carbide Canada Limited in Toronto.

IN FRANCE

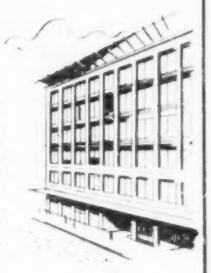
A NEW EXHIBITION CENTRE

This new exhibition centre for trade and industry near Paris uses more than 40 tons of nickel stainless steel in curtain wall panels, window frames and casements and for kitchen, pantry and bar equipment as well as interior décor.



IN ITALY

A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING



The new headquarters of Celestri & Co. S.p.A. in Milan, Italy, has a facade lined with nickel stainless steel panels. In the main entrance-way, columns, doors and elevators are also lined with stainless steel.

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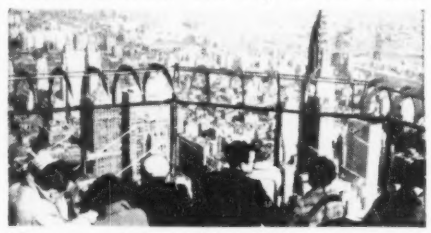
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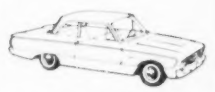
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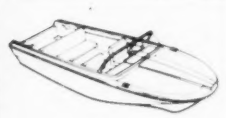
FALCON TUDOR SEDAN
with heater, whitewall tires



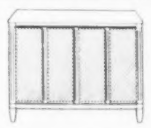
LARK 2-DOOR SEDAN
with heater, whitewall tires



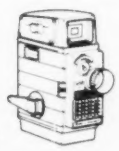
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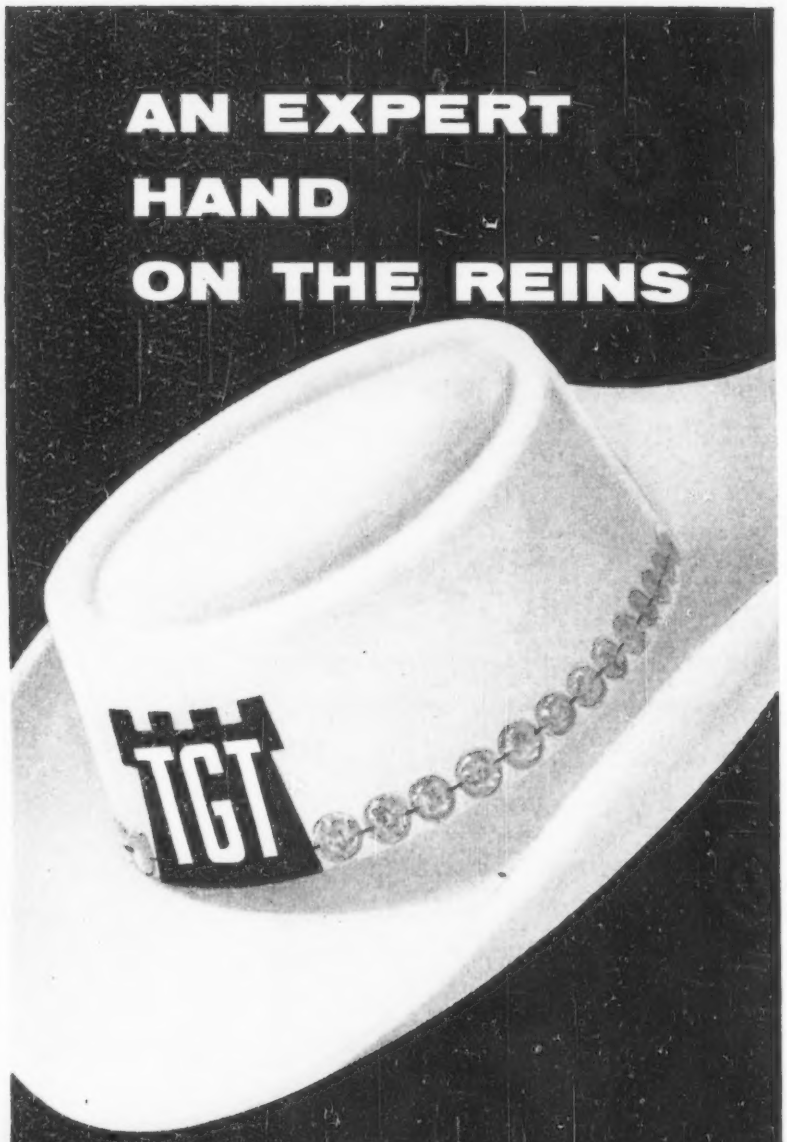


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The real "danger" of the New Party: a coalition

Both sign language and lip-reading for the deaf

Ralph Allen's article (What Tommy Douglas has that the New Party wants, April 8) is frightening, not due to any likelihood that the party will form a government in the near future, but because, as Douglas predicts, they could hold the balance of power, with twenty or thirty seats. Canada can get along nicely without a repeat performance of what happened in 1921-30 when Mackenzie King was kept in power with a minority of seats in the house. — W. L. WATSON, NARAMATA, B.C.

Ralph Allen writes of "the memorable House of Commons debate in September 1939 in which Woodsworth alone spoke against and voted against Canada's declaration of war." On the 9th of September, 1939, Mr. Maxime Raymond, MP for Beauharnois-Laprairie, made a speech against Canada's participation in the war. Mr. Raymond did not vote against the declaration of war, since the vote was called while he was at the translator's office, in order to ensure that no misinterpretation could follow from his speech's translation.—PHILIPPE GÉLINAS, MONTREAL.

The case against Fulford

Robert Fulford is carping about National Library Week. (The case against Library Week, March 25). What a golden age we would enter if the best literature were read by a majority, which is exactly what libraries hope to accomplish by publicizing their resources.—MRS. KENNETH F. MCPHERSON, BLOOMFIELD, N.J.

The problems of the deaf

Just to set the record straight (Preview, Sign language vs. lip-reading: an old war renewed, March 25) and on behalf of the deaf whom I so often represent, I would like to make these points:

1) Neither the deaf nor I are against the benefits of the oral approach to the education of the deaf. Because we endorse and recognize the value of the sign language does not mean to say we are blind to the importance and value of lip-reading and speech. I do not know of anyone who would want a completely manual method of instruction.

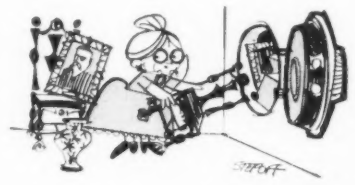
2) There *is* spelling in sign language, and the grammar is as good as the personal knowledge of the grammar of the user. Sign language is the simplest, most accurate, easiest and best method of communication with a deaf person, but the deaf person lives in a hearing world. This is why both are important and needed.

3) The sentence, "A deaf person . . . cannot communicate, . . . " is unreliable. The older deaf who attended school when they used deaf teachers and any sensible method are more capable of communicating with the hearing world because they are better educated. Their speech and lip-reading ability is on a par with the products of today as far as the stranger is concerned. The deaf and I are in favor of all students beginning their formal education in the oral environment, as the combined approach would make it possible for the lazy student to take the easy way.

4) "Other ways to promote . . . the stunt won him newspaper space." I have never sought any publicity and the Ben-Hur movie was not my idea. I was there as an interpreter. If anyone wants to know if the deaf need an interpreter, better ask the deaf. I have interpreted for the deaf even between the teacher and the deaf. The courts recognize the need for an interpreter. The social agencies recognize the need. The deaf request it. —REV. R. L. RUMBALL, TORONTO.

Too many antiques are leaving London

Leslie F. Hannon rather overstates the facts. (Put a big price on anything—Britons will buy it, Overseas Report, Feb. 11.) London is the centre where the largest turnover of antiques in the world takes place. While in some cases the prices obtained are absurdly high, it is possible to buy pieces at reasonable prices and many people buy these as an investment and a hedge against inflation. Some are bought by residents, but a large number



are bought by foreigners. In fact, there is a considerable body of opinion here which deplores the rate of exportation of antiques.—J. A. CRAIG, EAST MOLESEY, SURREY, ENGLAND.

Canada isn't anti-American

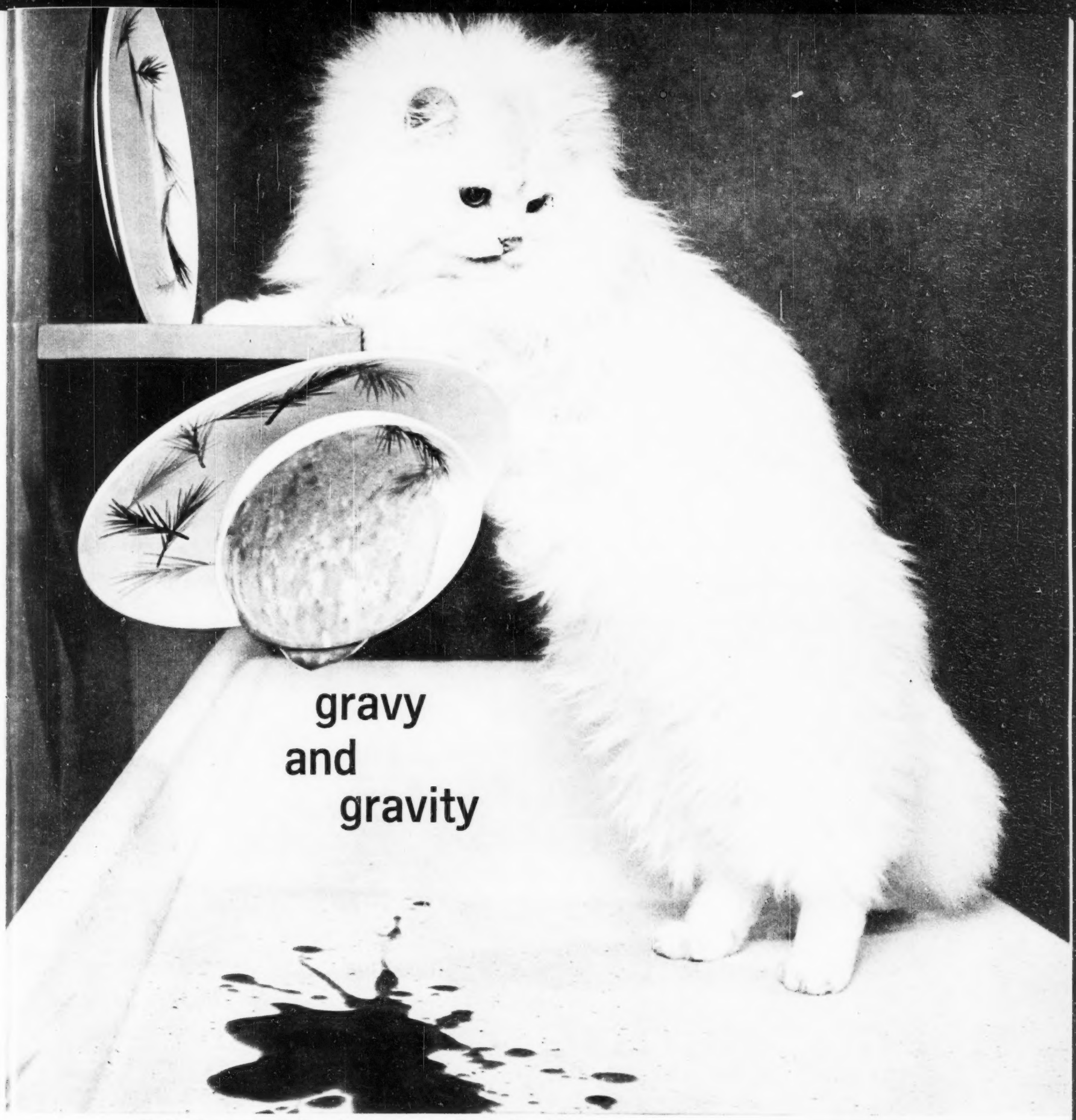
F. J. McDiarmid seems to suggest (For the Sake of Argument, April 8) that government legislation to control the influx into Canada of U.S. money is solely because Canada is anti-U.S.A. Canada, from Canada's point of view, owes the U.S.A. a great deal of money. It is not just the size of the debt that causes concern, but the rapid rate at which it is increasing. For that reason, the need arose to curb — not stop — the influx of U.S. money into Canada. How can this be construed as anti-American?—M. L. ROBERTSON, KITCHENER, ONT.

"Set standards for continued life"

A short comment on The crime of keeping worn-out bodies alive (N. J. Berrill, Feb. 11): While I was in hospital recently, a 92-year-old man was brought into our ward. Lying in bed with a broken leg, this man required attention at all times. He was as helpless as a baby. Here was a man, unable to do anything for himself and with no possible reason at all for living, who was taking up valuable bed space, wasting money on special nurses, wasting a doctor's valuable time—and for what? The time is coming when we will have to set standards for continued life. —WILLIAM J. DEL GRANDE, BANFF, ALTA.

Young Canadians and the world

It is encouraging to know other young Canadians are discontented with our present character and objectives. (The Young Canadians, March 25.) However, the predominance of national interest in the "big ideas" of the young politicians doesn't indicate a full awareness of the major problems facing us as a nation. Canada's future will be almost exclusively determined by international, not national, events and we must be prepared to divert more and more of our energy and resources to the development of the world as a whole.—THOMAS A. CROIL, CHESTER, ENGLAND. ★



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W. C. Heine is a London, Ontario, businessman who for two years was president of his city's Family Service Bureau.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

WILLIAM C. HEINE SAYS

United Appeals don't work but civic taxes will

IT'S TIME that Canadian cities took a hard look at some form of tax assistance to spread the burden of private welfare services more equitably over the resources of our communities.

I suggest that voluntary donations through United Appeal are no longer able to maintain the minimum welfare needs required by our cities. Evidence to support this lies in statistics. For the past four years total collections through United Appeal across Canada were 94 to 96 percent of targets that had been cut to the bone.

There has been a steady increase in the dollars collected in Canada by United Appeals in the postwar years (from $7,000,000 in 1945 to $31,000,000 in 1960). There has also been inflation, a multiplicity of new charitable organizations, and a growing need for private welfare assistance. Combined, they have made many private agencies cut back on essential services.

At the moment most of the dollars are provided by the willing horses of our society. I raised an eyebrow in disbelief when a United Appeal administrator told me in London recently that 85 percent of the money comes from 15 percent of those who give.

The existing system, which I like to call voluntary taxation, means that those who accept their responsibility pay through the nose to help those less fortunate than themselves. Those who ignore their responsibility pay little or nothing. In every city across Canada there are hundreds of families where the wife says at the front door, "Oh, my husband gives through the office," and her husband has an answer ready for the personnel department canvasser: "My wife is active in a woman's group and likes to give there."

If changes are not made, there's going to be utter chaos in the private welfare field. In some places, United giving already faces a crisis. Toronto has difficulties because its fund-raising campaign has not made its objective. The private agencies, desperately trying to maintain their services, feel they cannot spend their dollars in direct cash relief; they say this is the responsibility of government. In 1960, only 34 of 106 Canadian United campaigns made their objectives.

In London, United campaigns have failed to meet objectives for four years. This year, some of the city's most energetic businessmen have already started the 1961 campaign. They're determined that it will succeed. And this year it probably will, too. Many people are beginning to worry about the damage done to essential agency services by budgets that are never quite adequate; there's also deep concern that if the campaign doesn't make its objective, London may revert to the system by which every organization raised its own funds. That would be like jungle warfare, expensive and punishing.

But the success or failure of this year's campaign is not the issue. The real problem is that the community's need for welfare services is (or soon will be) past the point of being met by voluntary taxation.

One possibility that deserves serious study is the levy of a special tax, supplemented by a system of provincial and federal grants, to collect at least part of the financial needs of private agencies.

How to start a row

But mention tax assistance as an answer, as I did recently in a speech, and there will be reactions from both those who contribute generously and those who give little or nothing.

Most of those who give generously say they want no part of increased taxes. One lawyer told me in a variety of emphatic ways that we have already gone far enough toward a welfare state.

Those who refuse to pay what I call voluntary taxation were less restrained. An irate property owner railed at me for five minutes before I hung up on him. He accused me of wanting his property taxed so I wouldn't have to give myself. The fact that my property also would be taxed seemed to escape him—and I avoided pouring fuel on his fire by telling him I'd be a lot better off paying more taxes than by maintaining my present pattern of giving. I learned indirectly he'd given a dollar to the United canvasser last year. Later I checked city assessment rolls and found his property to be assessed at close to $40,000.

Of course he has a right not to give if he wishes. But suppose, for example, that all funds to be raised in Lon-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



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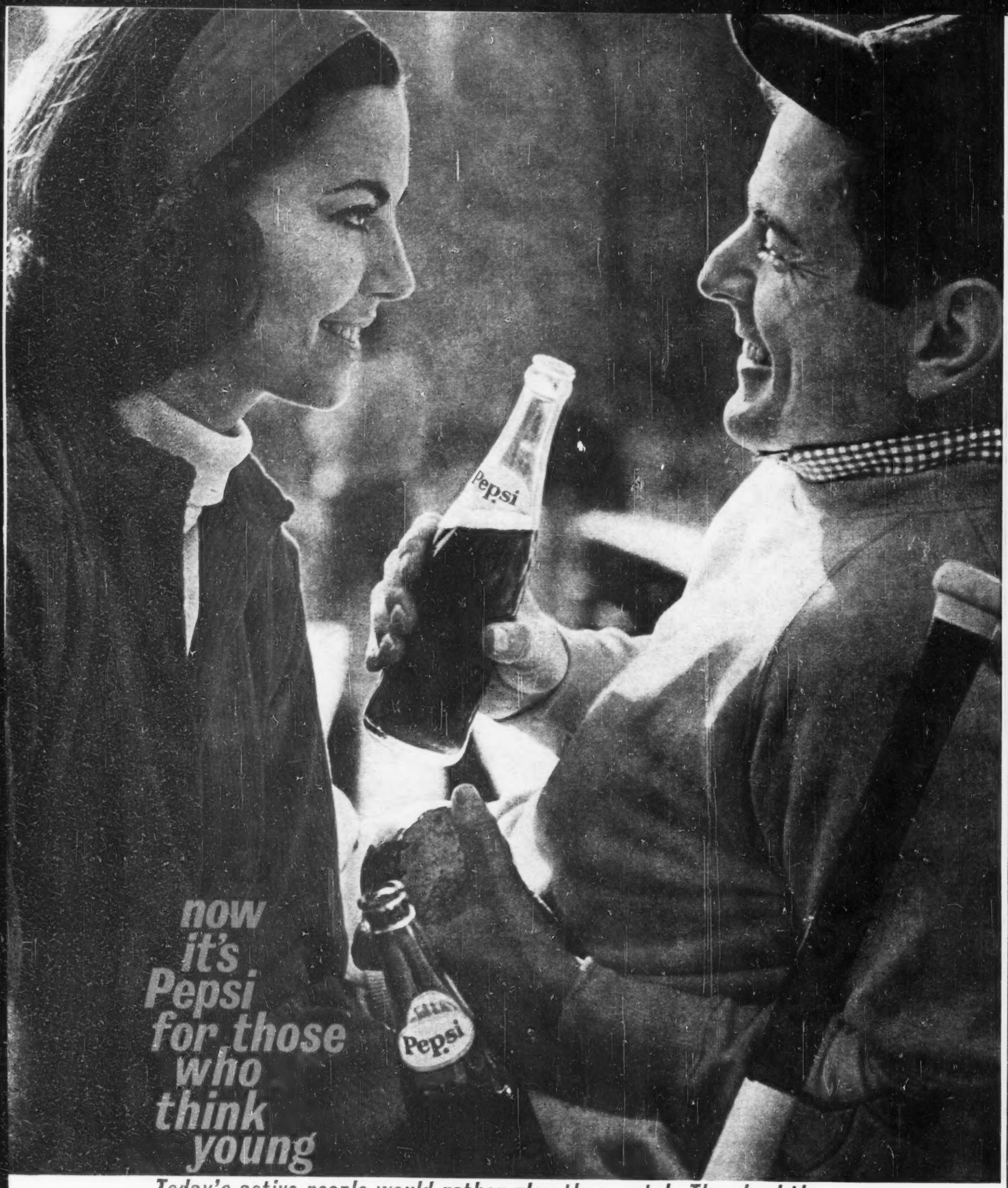
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BEGINNING HERE WITH THE STORY OF THE STRANGEST WARRIOR WHO EVER MISLED THIS COUNTRY INTO BATTLE

IN THIS CORNER SIR SAM HUGHES

The unofficial war history of the struggles between a ferocious Orangeman on one side and on the other the Boers, the Kaiser's army and all the brass of Great Britain and Canada

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IN THIS CORNER SIR SAM HUGHES

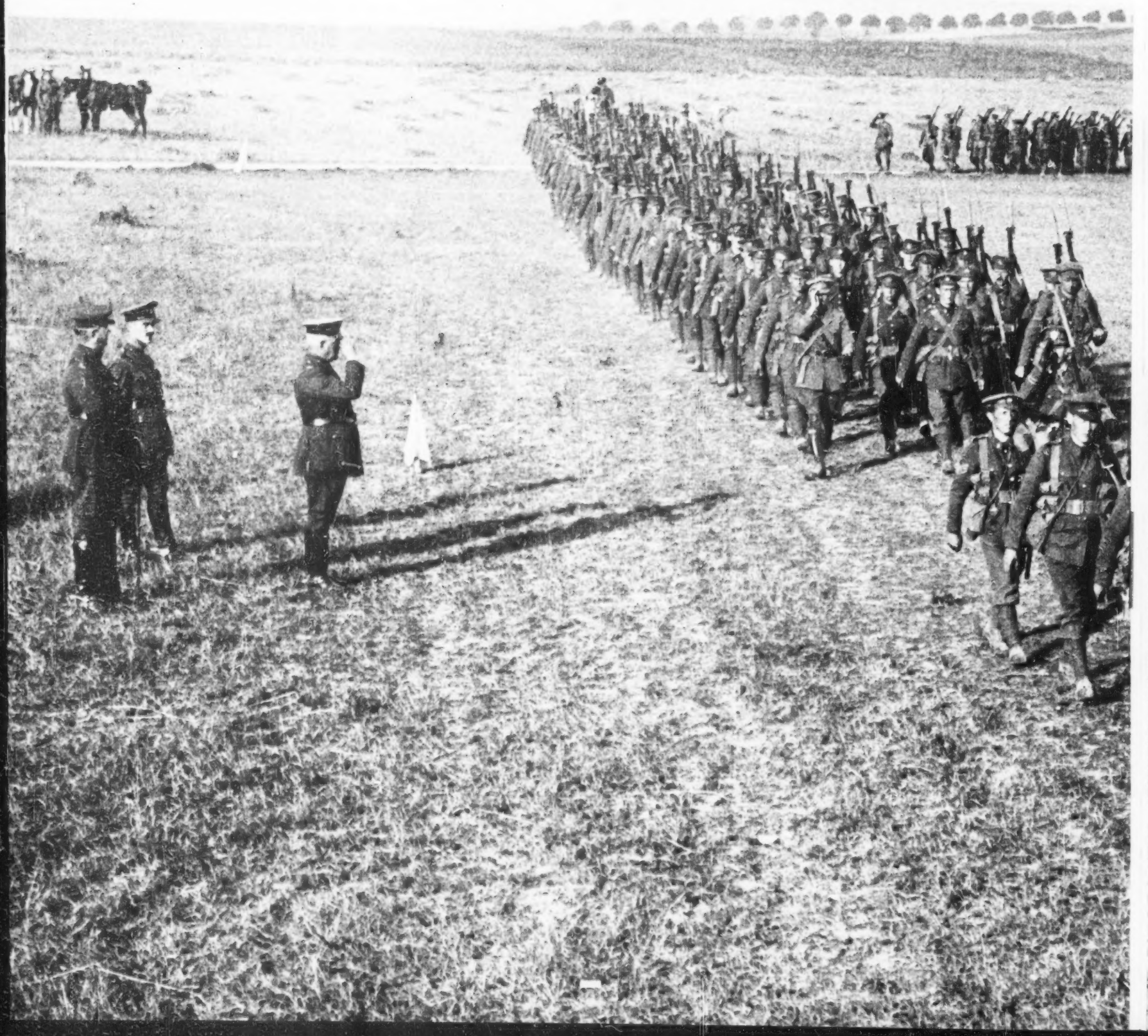
Sam Hughes, who threw together a citizens' army in months, reviews a Canadian force in France on its way to the campaign on the Somme in 1916.

NO EPISODE in Canadian history is more astounding than the country's unpremeditated and unsurpassed record in World War I.

The war burst on the country in midsummer 1914 like a tornado. At one extreme, nationalists and isolationists had been warning against arming and at the other extreme imperialists had been clamoring to arm. Most of the population of eight million were, by and large, oblivious and unconcerned. The regular army stood at three thousand men and had no reserves. The munitions industry produced a trickle of small arms and rifle cartridges and there were no plans for its expansion.

Yet by the time the year was out Canada was well on the way to becoming a tough, efficient military nation — so important a factor in the war, ultimately, that by the time the Armistice came it had passed the point of no return and neither could nor would ever again revert to its place as a privileged but helpless dependent of the British Empire.

By the spring of 1915 a Canadian infantry division had saved the whole Allied position in northern Europe by refusing to break against the first attack of poison gas at Ypres. As other divisions poured into the Western Front other battle honors followed in the wake of 60,000 Canadian dead. In 1917 Canadians led one of the war's most celebrated assaults by storming



Vimy Ridge and ended one of its most appalling agonies by taking Passchendaele. In 1918, they were in the Allied spearhead as the famous Hundred Days brought the defeat and surrender of the German army.

Remarkable as these achievements were, they were no more remarkable than the man who set them in train and, in the early stages, presided over them with the iron hand of a dictator.

Colonel Sam Hughes had been appointed minister of militia and defense in 1911, shortly after the surprise victory of Sir Robert Borden and the Conservatives over Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberals. Before the harassed prime minister summoned enough courage to kick him out of governement five years later, Hughes had solidified his fame not only as the builder and despotic ruler of the army but also as one of the most bizarre and explosive Canadians who ever lived. He had induced and weathered public brawls and scandals on a heroic scale. He had tormented the governor-general, defied the British War Office and convinced at least some of his cabinet colleagues that he was at least half mad. Among the ordinary citizens and soldiers of Canada he had attracted almost as much veneration as King George V, and at least as much animosity as Kaiser Bill.

The biography of Sam Hughes begins in 1853 in the pastoral Ontario county of Durham. A Huguenot great-grandfather on his mother's side had died at Waterloo fighting for Napoleon. On the same field blood from the other side of the family had been shed for Wellington. The mixed and storm-tossed tribe put out its Canadian roots during one of the Irish potato famines and soon took on the very bloom and texture of Ontario: in blood mainly Irish and Scottish, in religion Methodist by way of Presbyterianism.

Sam grew up a non-smoker and a non-drinker. He had the solid build of a lacrosse player and the square jaw and blue, unswerving, humorless eyes of a man destined to live and die without a single doubt. At seventeen he had taken up arms in the Fenian raids. Soon after that he was teach- CONTINUED ▶



Soldiers, viceroys: Sam fought them all



SIR WILFRID LAURIER



THE EARL OF MINTO



MAJ.-GEN. E. T. H. HUTTON



HENRI BOURASSA



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT



FIELD MARSHAL KITCHENER

The hot-headed Orangeman from Lindsay, Ont., never backed down from rank. Two governors-general, Lord Minto and the Duke of Connaught, couldn't understand his incredible behavior. Laurier, as prime minister, stood up to Sam's furious letters demanding military honors. General Hutton writhed at his effrontery. Bourassa scoffed at his soldiery. Even Kitchener took it when Sam told him off.

CONTINUED

ing school in eastern Ontario. From there he went to Toronto as a high-school instructor in English, and shortly after his thirtieth birthday he had saved enough money to buy a weekly newspaper, the Lindsay Warder.

Lindsay nestled at the very heart of what was then a kind of sub-province of Ontario — the Loyal Orange Lodge — and as an Orangeman, an Irishman, an editor and a teetotaler, Hughes soon became one of its leading figures. Within a few years he was Conservative member of parliament for North Victoria and — a source of almost equal satisfaction — officer commanding the 45th Victoria Regiment of the Canadian militia.

In spite of the Irish strain Hughes was a devoted — though by no means an uncritical — imperialist. He saw in the South African War at the turn of the century a clear call to duty. Canada then had no regular army. Its few permanent garrisons were manned by British Redcoats and the senior staff officer of the Canadian militia was a regular British army officer.

Partly because it had no army to send and partly because there was no popular enthusiasm for the British excursion to the far-off veldt, the Liberal government of the day showed no tendency to rush to the Mother Country's aid. Colonel Sam chafed briefly under what he considered his country's humiliating inertia and then acted unilaterally. To the then Canadian militia minister, Frederick Borden (a cousin of Sir Robert), he dispatched an offer to raise and personally command a Canadian battalion to aid the British expeditionary force. Without waiting for his own government's reply he sent the same offer to Joseph Chamberlain, then secretary of state for the colonies.

Chamberlain interpreted this message from the Canadian member of parliament and officer as an earnest of Canada's intentions and indicated his and the Empire's gratitude. The Canadian government, which very probably would have matched or bettered Colonel Sam's private and unsanctioned offer in its own good time, was only moderately embarrassed. But Major-General E. T. H. Hutton, the British officer in command of the Canadian forces, could not contain his rage or even bring himself to the attempt. Hutton had been in the habit of going over the Canadian cabinet's head to communicate directly with the War Office and the governor-general, Lord Minto, in matters of defense. He now found the idea of a civilian colonel's going over his, Hutton's, head quite insupportable. There ensued between the two men a duel that would have enriched the pages of Cervantes, although on occasion it became difficult to tell which was Quixote and which was the windmill.

Hutton vowed that the upstart militia colonel from Lindsay not only would get no command in South Africa but that he would not get to South Africa at all. In one of the many exchanges of view and ukase about military affairs that he conducted with Lord Minto and the War Office without troubling to inform the Canadian government, the general wired London in cipher: "I regret that I must decline to recommend Colonel S. Hughes for employment with our troops proceeding Transvaal in any capacity whatever. This officer's want of judgment and insubordinate self-assertion would seriously compromise success of Canadians when acting with Imperial troops. His insubordinate and improper correspondence, official and unofficial, renders his appointment moreover impossible on military grounds."

And that, the general was happy to suppose as he reported the message to his sympathetic confidant the governor-general, was that.

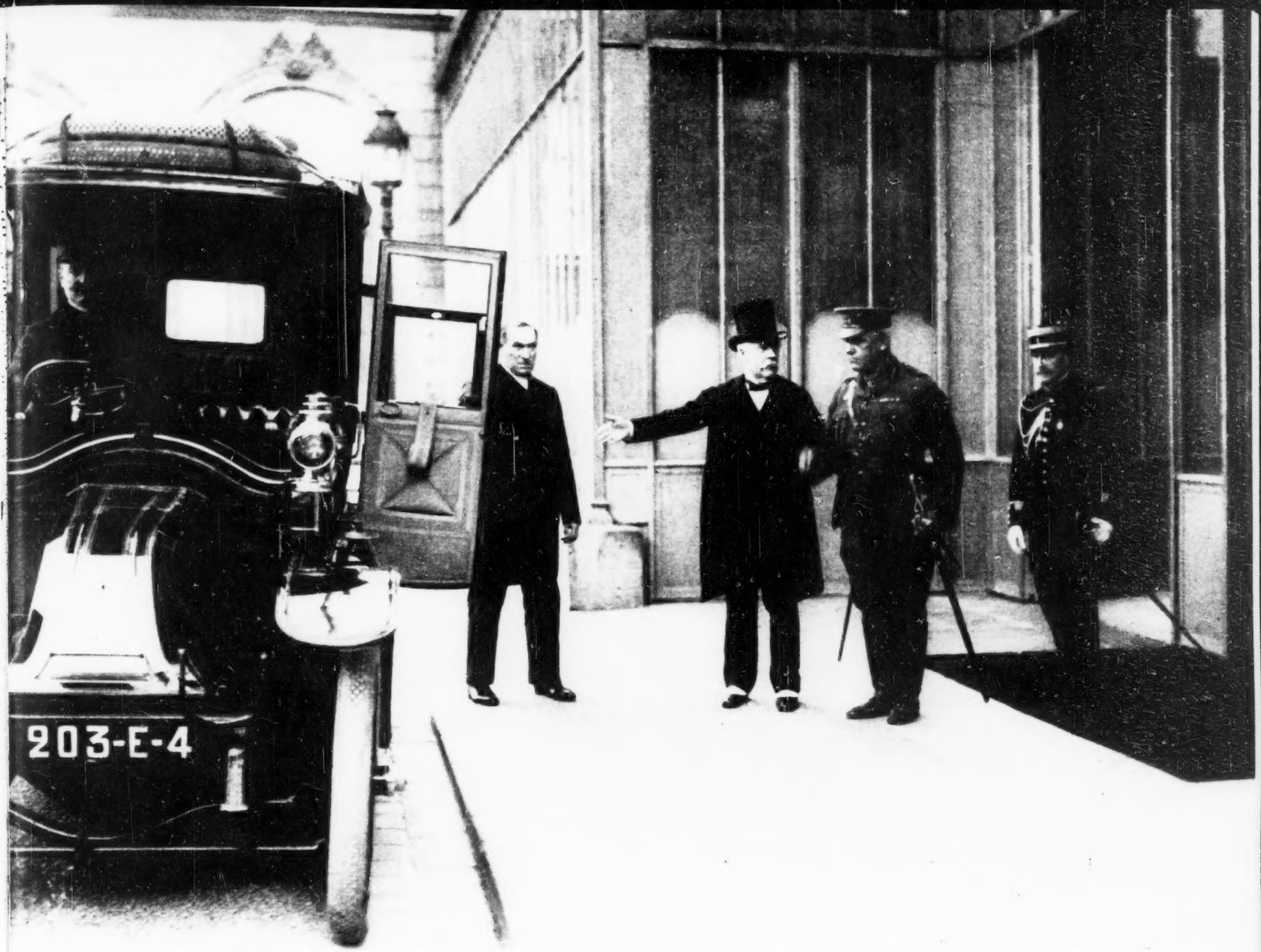
But Colonel Sam still intended to march against the Boers, whatever Hutton said. As an MP — even though still a backbencher and in opposition — he had ready access to the ears of members of the cabinet. No doubt, there was a certain grudging sympathy in the highest circles for the well-meaning Canadian civilian in collision with the autocratic British officer.

At any rate, when Hutton's opposition to Hughes became public and apparent, the cabinet insisted on Hutton's appearing three different times to explain why Hughes should not be allowed to go to South Africa at least as a captain. Hutton remained unyielding and within ten days he was able to report to his ally, Lord Minto: "Have carried all my points." He added: "Poor Hughes is almost heartbroken and has been to see me twice full of tears and contrition. The struggle is over. No one but Your Excellency and I will ever realize the magnitude of what has been achieved by the overthrow of Hughes, the Conservative Insurgent."

Hughes compounded his own humiliation by writing two extremely docile letters to Hutton and as a reward he was now given permission to accompany the first Canadian contingent to South Africa as a civilian. But he was specifically forbidden to wear a uniform.

HERO OF HIS OWN DISPATCHES

This posed no serious problem for the indomitable Hughes. When he disembarked at Cape Town he took a good room in the Grand Hotel and began looking around. Soon he discovered a number of high-ranking British staff officers whom he had met at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebrations in London two years before. Soon he was in uniform as a transport officer. And soon he was writing letters home to his paper in Lindsay, recounting his military exploits in vivid detail. Actually, as nearly as can be ascertained through the fragmentary official accounts and the purple fog of Sam's own narratives, he did conduct himself



Sam Hughes seldom bothered with second-stringers; he went to the top man. Here, he's escorted to his car by Georges Clemenceau, the fiery "Tiger" of France.

well as a supply officer and as a combat officer in a handful of minor skirmishes. Certainly in his activities as a belligerent against the Boers there was nothing that was not to his credit. On the other hand there was nothing so spectacularly heroic as to protect him from the consequences of his bombast. In newspaper dispatches in praise of himself and his ever-faithful batman, a soldier named Turley, Hughes had directly or indirectly made comparisons, to his and Turley's credit, with a number of other soldiers, including a few of considerably higher rank than his own. After some eight months in the field he was quietly ordered to return to Canada. Hughes received no reprimand and was indeed made officer commanding troops on the ship that bore him to England on the way home.

Sam now thought he had scored at least a partial victory over General Hutton, his enemy in Ottawa, but its incompleteness and the lack of public acknowledgement of it was to rankle until his death. When the Boer War ended Hughes received his service ribbons. But there were no decorations to show for what he clearly regarded as an exceptional combat record; he hadn't even received his war gratuity.

He appealed for justice first to the Liberal government and finally, failing to find satisfaction there, directly to the governor-general. The Army Council of Britain notified the governor-general in 1904 that Hughes' services in South Africa "were not such as to warrant the issue to him of the war gratuity." But either through charity or prudence the governor-general did not pass this message on to Hughes, whose assessment of his exploits in Bechuanaland and the magnitude of his slights thus grew year by year.

SYMPTOMS OF PARANOIA

By 1908, eight years after his return from the wars, he wrote Prime Minister Laurier again demanding what he called recognition. By now he was convinced, and so intimated to Laurier, that he was entitled to at least one Victoria Cross and perhaps two. He said this estimate had been made to him by his divisional commander in South Africa, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren. Warren, he assured Laurier, had promised to recommend him for this highest of all British military decorations on two occasions.

This much at least of Hughes' background and temperament was well known to Sir Robert Borden when he took Hughes into his cabinet. Perhaps the new prime minister had no certain way of knowing that Sam's difficult streak was widening rather than narrowing. The fact was that it already bore symptoms of paranoia.

Six months before the election Hughes had begun to wonder seriously whether Borden himself was to be trusted. Throughout the party intrigues preceding the election victory Hughes had remained steadfastly a Borden man and he had confidently expected, after Borden's supporters had beaten back an incipient uprising in 1910, that he would be appointed either party whip or chief organizer. Instead the key posts went to George Perley and Herbert Ames. In a letter to a friend Sam poured out his misery and fury.

"Mr. Borden," he began under taut control, "is a most lovely fellow; very capable but not a very good judge of men or of tactics." In a paragraph or two Hughes was claiming that he had almost singlehandedly saved Borden against a conspiracy led by the selfsame Perley and Ames. "You may imagine my horror this session to find Mr. Borden honoring and putting to the front, not the men who were loyal to him but the men responsible for the agitation which caused and gave reason for the conspiracy."

"Ames," he said CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



ENTER THE PLATYPUS, ON ACHING FEET



Five million supposedly grown-up Canadian women have deformed their feet and thrown their anatomies out of joint by refusing to wear anything but the miniature torture chambers called needle-point shoes. But that's all over now. Soon they'll be refusing to wear anything but newer miniature torture chambers called platypus-point shoes

By Shirley Mair

BY LATE SEPTEMBER five million Canadian women will probably take their feet out of needle-toed shoes and put them into shoes with square toes. The new fashion, called the "platypus" by fashion people and denounced as a "monstrosity" by one Canadian shoe manufacturer, has brought wails from foot specialists who are no more happy about this newest refinement of foot torture than they were about pointed toes.

An orthopedic surgeon in Toronto, who pleads anonymity because he "already has more feet than I can handle," said recently that high heels and gimmicked toes can't possibly fit the feet, and the feet become deformed trying to fit the shoes. Another specialist, Dr. Leonard Davies, said cynically, "We owe a debt to the shoe manufacturers and the stylists because a good part of our income comes from deformed feet."

If this is the case, Davies and his colleagues also owe a debt to Canadian women. Although they like to think of themselves as reluctant to buy a new shoe until it has been road-tested on New York's Fifth Avenue, Canadians proved themselves to be the biggest suckers in the world for the pointed-toed, stiletto-heeled shoe. They were the first to accept the design and the only women who took the high-fashion evening style and wore it into the ground, at home, at work, and at play, day and night. The results of this fashion misadventure are hobbling into doctors' offices all across the country.

Dr. Davies estimates that in every Canadian city, at least one woman goes into a hospital every day to have foot deformities operated on. "Many of these women," he says, "are having operations so they can get back into the fashionable shoes that broke their feet in the first place." What mystifies the experts (nearly all are men), who view the state of feminine foot health in Canada with increasing alarm, is that this form of injury is not only self-inflicted but done with full knowledge of the dangers.

Twelve years ago Dr. Joseph Lelyveld, chairman of the National Foot Health Council of the U. S., told the Shoe Manufacturers' Association of Canada that "nearly every adult female knows what it means to suffer with sore feet."

What's more, the mothers and grandmothers of today's torture victims had been loudly warned that they were crippling themselves in the name of fashionable footwear. Eighty years ago, William Henry Flower, professor of anatomy and conservator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in England, condemned "the evil effect of the pointed toe" and "the absurdly high and narrow heel so often seen now on ladies' boots, which throws the whole foot, and in fact the whole body, into an unnatural position in walking and produces diseases well known to all surgeons, and makes the nearest approach yet effected by a civilized nation to the Chinese custom of deforming women's feet by binding, which we regard with surprise and reprobation."

For the past five years Canadian women have been squeezing their aching feet into facsimiles of the shoes Fowler condemned.

The latest news from the back rooms of the shoe salons doesn't mean a change for the better, and even Montreal shoe manufacturers, who must follow fashion's dictates or face bankruptcy, are shaking their heads sadly over the platypus toe. "I don't want to make this shoe," moaned Philip Del Grande, owner of one of Canada's best-known shoe companies, and another complained, "This business is rotten."

Until last February, when fashion summoned the platypus away from the inland waters of Tasmania and Australia, few Canadians had heard of the mammal, or cared. By September every fashion-conscious woman will have taken a long look at the platypus, a shoe inspired by the creature's duck-like bill. Used purposefully, it serves the platypus well in catching insects, crustaceans and worms. The question of how well it will perform for the adult human female foot gets no consideration. A woman certainly isn't going to be coarse enough to ask why she should wear a shoe shaped like an animal's beak rather than a human foot, because it has already been presented to her as a *fait accompli*. Who, in the mystic population of the fashion world, gives the orders? On whose say-so are women willing to jeopardize their ability to walk upright — the major physical difference between human beings and lesser animals?

Roger Vivier, resident shoe designer at the fashion house of Christian Dior, is the man taking credit for the platypus shoe. "I did not imitate, I was inspired," he said. "In geometric forms there is only the round, the triangular and the square."

The fact that human feet are not geometrically round, or triangular, or square, bears no relation to Vivier's problem. He and Charles Jourdan, another Parisian shoe designer, have simultaneously come CONT'NUED ON PAGE 57



THE APPRENTICESHIP OF MORDECAI RICHLER

Quitting the Paris fleabags for a London flat,
Richler worked his way up from the bottom in the film dodge.
He started as an extra. His first TV script is still used
as a warning to young writers. And his movies
have to be seen — but not by him

By Mordecai Richler

I HAD, like any other young novelist, started out by believing the difficult thing was to get published and that, once you managed that, well, your financial problems were over. I discovered, like any other serious novelist, that actually they had only just begun. A novel may take anywhere from two to five years to write and, in the end, you might manage a couple of thousand dollars on it, no more. In London, where I met many established novelists, I found that almost all of them, even the most celebrated, had something going for them on the side. Some were at the universities, others were reviewers or worked as advisers to publishing houses, and still more functioned as radio, television, or film script writers.

I can say, truthfully, that I started out at the bottom in the film business. Several times, when I was broke in the south of France, I worked as an extra. Broke again, this time in London, I got work as a reader for a studio script department.

For two pounds — about $5.50 — a reader is expected to write a ten-page synopsis of a book followed by a shrewd evaluation of the book as a film. It's hard work. Underpaid, too. But in every reader's mind there is the legendary tale of the man who recommended a book that was actually purchased by the studio for five thousand pounds. The grateful author, the story goes, sought out the reader and tipped him ten pounds. So, even in this lowly job, there was hope. And experts, I discovered, could manage to skim through and report on as many as four books a day. I never got to be an expert. My career was too short-lived. One day a script editor handed me a book for which, she said, I would be paid a double fee. It was Bertolt Brecht's play, Mother Courage. "The play's only sixty pages," I said. "Why can't the producer read it himself?"

I did not yet know that it was no more expected of most producers to read a book than it was, say, of Ted Williams to dust off home plate. And so, embarrassed but needy, I took the play home, wrote a synopsis, and mailed it off. The next morning the script editor phoned me, horrified. "But you haven't said whether or not it would make a good film," she said.

The late Bertolt Brecht, as you know, is considered to be one of the outstanding playwrights of our time. I felt foolish, but, all the same, I wrote a report on the play's film possibilities. "Very visual stuff," I said. "Goodish battle scenes. Strong suspense-wise. Calls for a big budget, I think, but potentially boffo." And that, I'm afraid, ended my career as a reader. I was, at the time, living in a room in Hampstead. Rent was a problem. Once a week my landlord, an elderly Austrian, would knock on the door and say, "Sorry to derange you, but today is Friday." The Acrobats, my first novel, came out in German, and the publisher thoughtfully sent me six free copies. I tried to sell them to a German bookstore, but the lady wouldn't have them. "This book has already appeared in English," she said. "It isn't very good."

SOME EVEN MADE MONEY

I began to review books for the literary magazines. The pay was slight. But, like all reviewers, I sold my free review copies for half price to a bookstore on Fleet Street. The most envied of reviewers was the man who got to do the art, that is, the most expensively priced, books, but I never rose that high in the game.

Meanwhile, the Canadians had started to come over. Writers, directors, and actors. These writers, unlike any I had known before, actually made money. I was dazzled. I also got to write my first television script. I worked with a Canadian who had written many scripts and knew the medium well. The script, our collaboration, was to be what he called a piece of cheese, that is, a commercial job. We were writing it under a pseudonym. I sat at the typewriter and he paced up and down, dictating, gesticulating, thinking aloud, and acting out all the parts. Finally, after many hours of work, he turned to me, exhausted, and said, "Help me. Give me a line."

DOWNFALL OF A HOTSHOT

So I gave him a line of dialogue.

"Are you crazy?" he said. "That's real. This is television."

The next job I got was to write a pilot script for a half-hour television series. I was introduced to the producer as a vastly experienced script writer —a hotshot. He gave me a two-page character analysis of the lead character for the series—tough, fearless, handsome—and I went to work. The script I wrote was about smuggling in Spain. A few days after I had handed it in I was summoned to the producer's office. "You call this a *script?*" he said. "What's this here? Two guys talking. Talking! Yak-yak-yak for two whole pages. And look here, *three* pages. Two guys talking. Where's the action? They told me you were a good action writer."

I took the script back, bought a book with three screenplays in it, and set to work again. I made absolutely no plot or dialogue changes, but, whereas a piece of my first draft script was likely to read, CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

ILLUSTRATED BY HUNTLEY BROWN

THE VOICE THAT CAME BACK FROM SILENCE

Aksel Schiotz, the famous baritone, used to be a famous tenor — but that was before the tumor was cut from his acoustic nerve. This is how he overcame paralysis to sing again

BY JUDITH KRANTZ PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST EHRICHT

THE MEDICAL DOSSIER on a Dane named Aksel Schiotz begins with a dinner party in Copenhagen in 1946. Gerd, his wife, joined the party alone. Schiotz was in Glyndebourne, England, rehearsing for the tenor role in Benjamin Britten's The Rape of Lucretia, and Gerd was to leave the next day to join him.

For several months Schiotz's usual well-being had been disturbed. He was a muscular man of six foot two, strong and vital, but for some time he had been showing unusual tiredness. He had been suffering, too, from headache. More than once he noticed that he missed sounds with his right ear. He ignored these symptoms. Their friends, and Gerd herself, assumed that Schiotz's physical condition was a normal reaction to the dangers of the past six years.

During that time the Schiotz family had lived under the German occupation. Schiotz gave concerts in almost every village in Denmark in spite of the constant expectation that the Germans would arrest him for his activities. This work, for which he was decorated by King Christian X, had left a residue of tension to which he attributed his minor complaints.

At the dinner party Gerd found herself overhearing the conversation of a stranger who was describing the illness of a friend. She only half listened as the story rambled on, finally touching on the preliminary symptoms of the illness itself, a kind of brain tumor. Today she still remembers how, at that moment, she said to herself, "That's what's wrong with Aksel."

PLANES WERE THE SIGN

Dr. Herman Levison, a neurologist and a friend, was also a guest at the party. Gerd went over to him and told him what her suspicions were. His reaction was "nonsense," but he gave her the name of two neurologists Schiotz could consult in England. In addition he left her with one warning: "If, by any chance, Aksel should begin to see double, he must go to a doctor immediately."

The following day she joined her husband in England, where his triumph at the Glyndebourne Festival was the peak of his career. He was acclaimed by the critics as a lyric tenor of brilliant and unquestioned greatness, and was immediately flooded with bookings that would fill the next three years.

After Glyndebourne, Schiotz and his wife traveled through England. His fatigue increased and he noticed that "the tone of my voice wasn't quite right. Something was missing — I didn't know what."

Schiotz's fortieth birthday was celebrated with ceremony in London, in September. It seemed as if everything lay before him. "The next day Aksel was looking out of the window of our hotel room, trying to decide if it would rain or not," Gerd recalls. "He saw two planes crossing the sky, wingtip to wingtip. 'Look,' he called to me. 'How strange!' I ran to the window. There was only a single plane."

She tried, unsuccessfully, to get her husband to see a doctor "about his eyes." The small matter of seeing double was not important enough to fuss about during a concert tour.

In Denmark, several weeks later, Schiotz, still insisting that it was unnecessary, finally went to Dr. Levison. He had not avoided going to doctors because he was afraid of what they might tell him; he simply didn't believe that anything was wrong with him. Shortly after that visit Levison brought the Schiotzes the diagnosis: a tumor of the acoustic nerve. This was the kind of brain tumor Gerd had feared since the night of the party. "I knew what to be prepared for," she says. Levison told them that unless Schiotz had an operation he would die within months.

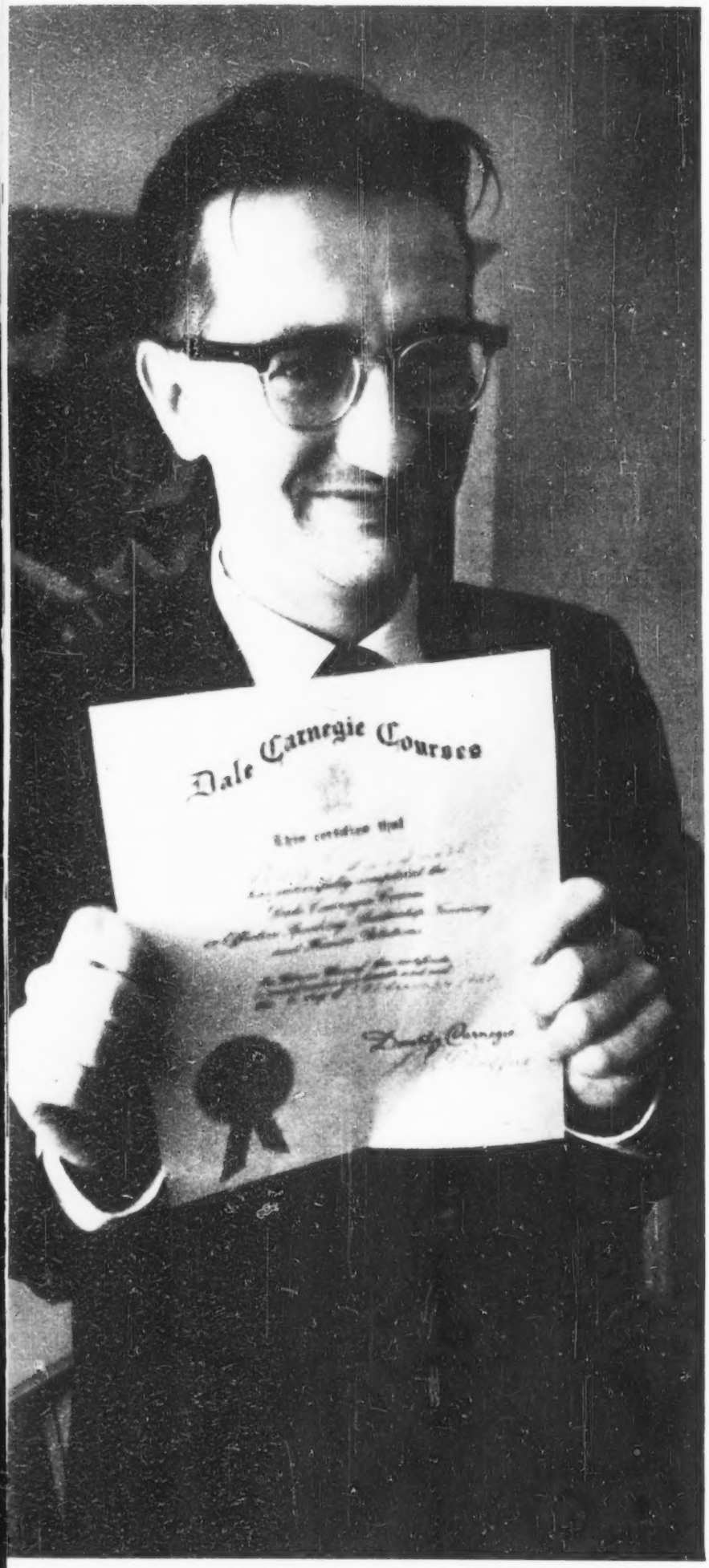
A tumor of the acoustic nerve is uncommon. It grows on the nerve, behind the ear, and gradually involves the nerve that controls all the muscles on one side of the face, except the chewing muscles. Until surgery is performed, there is no way of knowing to what extent the facial nerve is involved. One-sided facial paralysis is almost inevitable after the operation but in certain cases the facial nerve may not have to be cut completely, which leaves some chance for its partial regrowth. Removal of such a tumor is exceptionally dangerous, because of the massive shock to the entire system.

In consultation with their Danish doctors Gerd and Aksel Schiotz decided to go to Stockholm to have the operation performed by Dr. Herbert Olivecrona. Schiotz, at this point, did not really anticipate facial paralysis. "All I worried about was how long it would be before I could sing again. I was wild, furious, at the thought of the engagements I had to cancel — this illness happened at the worst possible time. The doctors wouldn't give me a clear answer but I supposed it'd be no more than six months before I'd be back." CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



In his Toronto home, Aksel Schiotz practises with his accompanist, John Newmark, for a North American tour. Once a leading tenor, he was forced to retrain himself as a baritone after surgery had left him paralyzed.





Like Gardner, 1,824 other Canadians who had paid $110 received Carnegie graduation certificates last year for listening to 14 nights of inspirational talk.

NOW I, TOO, CAN WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

A faithful record of the 14-week course given by the widow and disciples of Dale Carnegie

By Ray Gardner PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

I AM A GRADUATE of a Dale Carnegie success school, having spent one night a week for fourteen weeks learning how to win friends and influence people.

At the graduation banquet of Dale Carnegie Class 37, held in the Gai Paree Supper Club, in Vancouver, I was formally presented with a diploma that "certifies that Ray Gardner has successfully completed the Dale Carnegie Course in Effective Speaking, Leadership Training, and Human Relations. In witness whereof this certificate is issued under our hands and seal this 6th day of February 1961. (Signed) Dorothy Carnegie, Harry Duffus."

Dorothy Carnegie is the widow of the man who wrote the famous book How to Win Friends and Influence People, and Harry Duffus is the owner of a business school and sponsor of the Carnegie course in Vancouver.

I enrolled in the course last October on assignment from Maclean's, to write about my experiences as a disciple of Carnegie, the Missourian who developed his theories on winning success and popularity into a quasi-religion.

I paid a tuition fee of a hundred and ten dollars and then, for fourteen successive Monday nights, faithfully attended classes that usually lasted four hours. During that time I listened, by rough count, to nine hundred brief speeches, many of a confessional nature, and made about thirty myself.

To win my diploma I was not required to write an examination or undergo an evaluation of any kind; all I had to do was attend at least eleven of the fourteen sessions. This, presumably, would prepare me to go out into an unfriendly world and win my fair share of friends and influence at least some people.

Until I interested myself in the course I had thought that Carnegie and his philosophy were passé and had gone the way of all fads. After all, the book that made his name a household word, How to Win Friends, was first published twenty-five years ago, in 1936, and Carnegie has been dead since 1955.

I was wrong and, as Carnegie teaches us (Rule Three of Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking, to be found in The Little Golden Book of Rules), "If you're wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically."

The truth is that the Carnegie course is probably influencing more people today than it did even when the Master was alive.

Since Carnegie originated the course in New York in 1912, there have been, roughly, 810,000 graduates and more than a tenth of these — 88,000 — won their spurs last year.

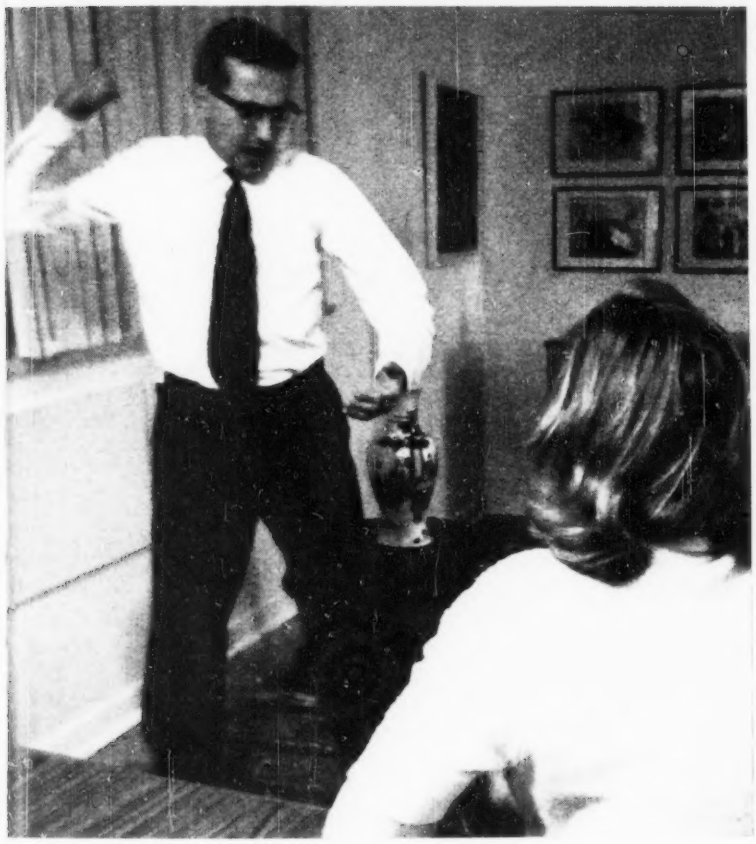
The course got going in Canada only after the war and since then 21,400 Canadians have won diplomas. Last year, in Canada, there were 1,824 graduates. The course is offered in forty-three Canadian cities and towns from Quebec to Victoria and is even given, free, to select groups of convicts in the British Columbia Penitentiary at New Westminster. One prisoner, the Carnegie people say, was granted permission by Ottawa to remain in the pen after his sentence had expired so that he might finish the course.



I know men in the ranks

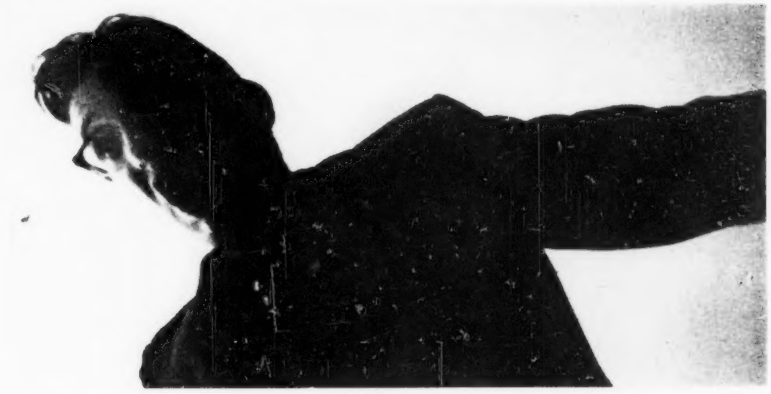


who are going to stay in the ranks.





Why? I'll tell you why — simply because



they haven't the ability to get things done.

My introduction to the Carnegie course came one night last October when, in response to a newspaper advertisement, I attended a public demonstration in a banquet hall of Vancouver's Georgia Hotel.

This demonstration drew about fifty people and, the next night, a similar one attracted close to seventy-five. From these two gatherings two classes, numbering about seventy students in all, were recruited.

I slipped unobtrusively into a seat at the rear of the hall where I was partly hidden by a grand piano. A cheerful, immaculately dressed man in his early thirties sought me out, introduced himself, and shook my hand vigorously.

"Ah, ha!" he said. "Just what I did the first time: hid behind the piano. When they called me up to speak I wanted to crawl out on my hands and knees. I got up there and I couldn't utter a word. Not a word. Well, as they say, those days are gone forever, thanks to Dale Carnegie.

"Great to see you with us!" he exclaimed, and, with a chuckle, he promised, "We'll have you out from behind that piano in no time at all. You bet your sweet life we will."

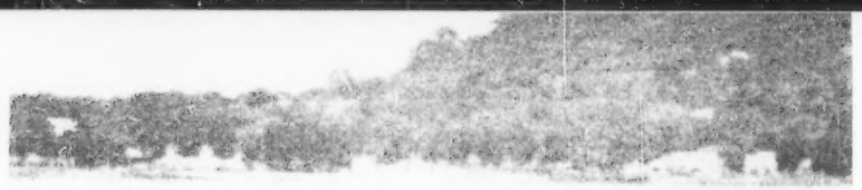
Beaming goodwill, two more young men greeted me in this same hearty fashion and described how the Carnegie treatment had cured them of painful personality problems. Except for their unmistakable sincerity, I might have taken them to be shills for the outfit. All three, I learned on inquiry, were gainfully employed by banks and their service to the Carnegie cause was purely voluntary.

They were—and are—graduate assistants. Two graduate assistants, or GAs as they like to be called, are elected by each class from among its members at the conclusion of the course. They later serve, without pay, as assistants to the instructor of the next class. All the GAs I encountered astounded me by the depth of their dedication to the Carnegie creed, to which they seek converts with all the zeal of a fanatic.

A short, intense man in his early forties, with wavy, greying hair, who introduced himself as Wes Horne, a Carnegie instructor, conducted the demonstration. He began by urging us to stand and introduce ourselves to those around us. "Let's see how many hands we can shake in the next minute," he said. "Come on, let's all be friendly." Dutifully but, in most cases, rather sheepishly, we stood and shook as many hands as we could grasp in the allotted time.

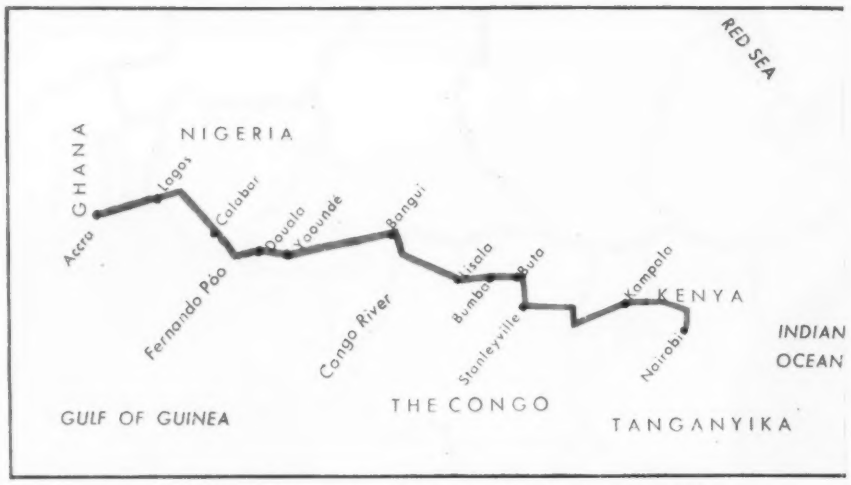
Horne then launched an account of the course's popularity. "Why did it grow?" he asked. "It grew because it was effective." He went on, "It took a great deal of courage for you to come here tonight. You all deserve a great deal of credit. Yes, you do. This will be the turning point in your life."

He held aloft one of Carnegie's books, How to Stop Worrying and Start Living, and made the claim that half the CONTINUED ON PAGE 49





For 35 cents, five boys ferried him across the Ubangi River to the Congo side.



An Accra-Nairobi beeline is 2,600 miles; Stollery made it by land in 4,900.



In Kenya, Stollery found he hadn't enough Swahili to talk to this young Masai.

A young Canadian adventurer's African diary PART III

BEGGAR IN THE FRIENDLY CONGO

Beating his way by Mammy-wagon and foot across tropical Africa, from the murderous Cameroons to the uplands of Uganda, the tramp from Toronto found that a black man will cheerfully give a white one a handout

BY PETER STOLLERY

WHENEVER I LEAVE a place after a stop of a few days, I leave some more friends behind. So it was that I felt just a little lonely as I trudged out of Accra, Ghana, at five o'clock one morning on the road to Togoland, Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa. After a week in the hospital and a Canadian welcome from our High Commission, I was on my own again.

It was late August, summertime in Canada. On the Guinea coast at that time of year it is rainy, humid and cold. At least, it seemed cold to me though the temperature was about seventy-five. After you've spent some time in extremely hot weather, the slightest cool breeze seems to get right through to your bones — particularly at five o'clock in the morning, when you're still a little weak from malaria.

Presently I stopped walking, sat on my pack, and waited for a lift. After a bit a Ghanaian came rushing up. "My goodness! Are you the man



Red peppers are the main commodity in this market in Lagos, the bustling capital of Nigeria. Stollery spent several days there, quartered at a YMCA branch.

who is walking across Africa?" he asked. He had that morning's newspaper in his hand and in it was an article about me, with my picture.

At that time the French were about to explode an atomic bomb at Reggane in the Sahara. West Africa was in a turmoil. The news item said that I had passed through Reggane and this fellow wanted to know all about it and THE BOMB. He also wondered why I was waiting there. After I explained that I was looking for a free ride, he said he had a friend who sometimes drove as far as the Volta. He dashed off excitedly to find him.

Mr. Okyere was the friend. He was a teacher, and he was happy to take me the fifty miles to the Volta. The trouble was that Mr. Okyere spoke a sort of educated pidgin English. All the way to the Volta ferry he couldn't understand me and I couldn't understand him.

The Volta is the most important river in Ghana. The ferry across it carries a lot of traffic. There are always people standing around it waiting. There are stalls nearby that sell African food. I bought some sweet bread, found a good spot where I could watch the ferry, and sat down and ate my breakfast.

There are no large bus companies in Ghana, but individuals own vans and run them as buses. They are usually Volkswagen or Morris affairs with seats in the back. Everyone calls them Mammy-wagons. A good Mammy-wagon usually has a sign on it saying GOD SAVES SOULS OF HE IS THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. Another popular slogan is THE FREEDOM WAGON, but they don't take anyone free.

After a while a Ghanaian Air Force NCO came across the ferry in his chauffeured car. He had a magnificent mustache complete with waxed and curled ends. He was the only African with such a mustache I have seen and I'll always remember him. He took me forty miles. Where he dropped me the good paved road had become gravel. When a Mammy-wagon shot past in a cloud of dust, it was all I could do to make out the large painted letters, GOD WANTS YOU.

It was here I had a stroke of good fortune. A Ghanaian in a big new English car pulled up. He asked where I was going and when I said, "To the border," he said he could take me within a couple of miles of it. As we drove along he explained to me that he was a wireless operator for Ghana Airways and was going to Lagos, two hundred miles away in Nigeria.

I said that was where I was going. He wondered why I hadn't said so in the first place. He would drop me off two miles from the border of Togoland, pick up his wife, and then come back and get me. This was wonderful luck.

When he dropped me at a small town near the border I was surrounded immediately by a crowd. The newspaper truck carrying the paper with my picture in it had got there just before me. Everyone wanted to know how I liked Africa, Ghana, and most of all what the French were doing with their accursed bomb. Most of them believed quite honestly that all Ghana was going to be covered by a poisonous atomic haze. But they were very kind and even managed to produce a quart of cold beer. It was almost noon and getting pretty warm.

When I explained that the man was going to come back and take me to Lagos they told me I would be better off waiting at the border. A man who owned a taxi ran me up to the police post free of charge. There was a wonderful beach there and I had a swim while I waited. About an hour later the wireless operator came along with his wife. We went through the Togolese customs and left for Lagos. It would be a little more complicated today; there are now two republics, Togo and Dahomey, between Ghana and Nigeria. By evening we got to the Nigerian border.

The border shut at six but we rousted out the immigration officer. He had heard about me on the radio. He said he was pleased that I had come to Nigeria and hoped I'd have a good time. Ordinarily you need a cash bond to get into Nigeria, so the radio CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



What fates impose, that man must needs abide:
it boots not to resist both wind and tide.

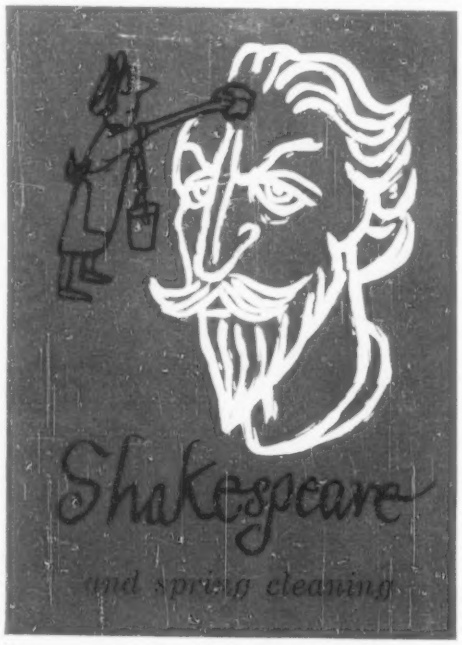


All hell shall stir for this.

Sweet and sour



Whose sore task does not divide
the Sunday from the week.



by Peter Whalley



What is't that you took up so gingerly?

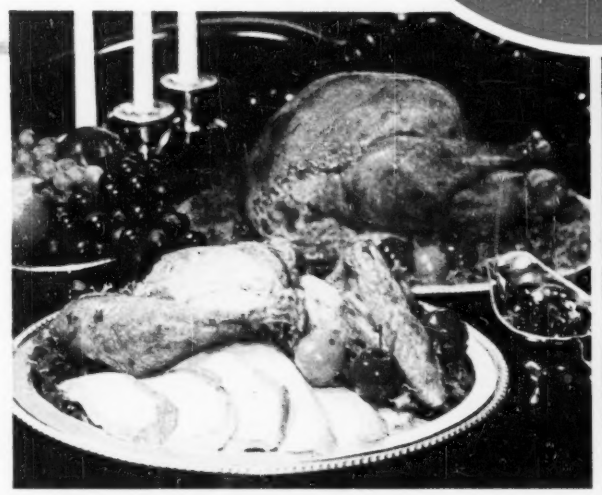


And doleful dumps the mind oppress.



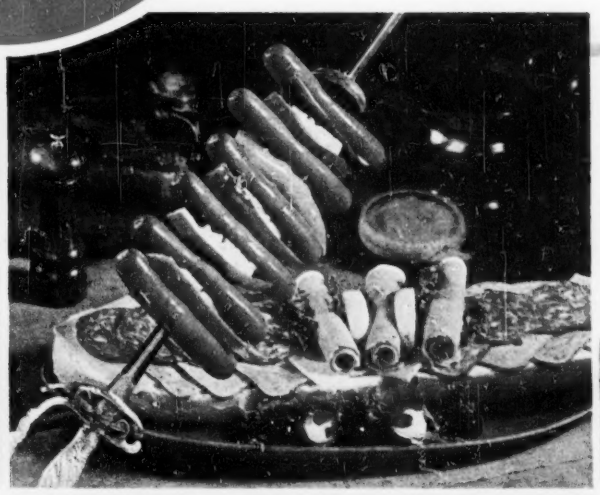
A needy, hollow-eyed sharp looking wretch, a living-dead man.

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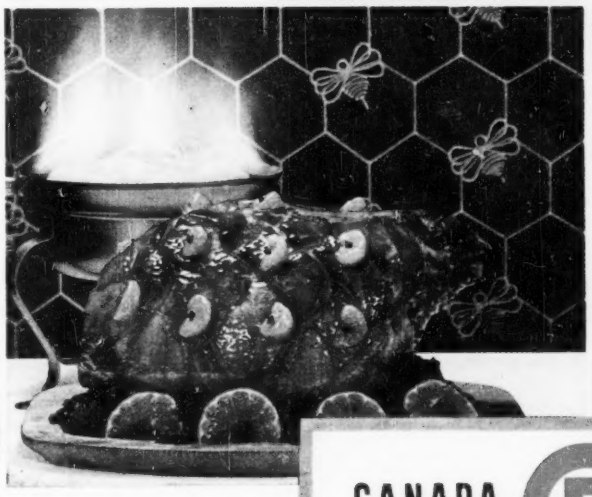
Quality Control guarantees you uniform quality, freshness and flavour throughout the complete line of Canada Packers' products. It safeguards the tangy flavour of Maple Leaf Cheddar Cheese — so that you enjoy it at its best.





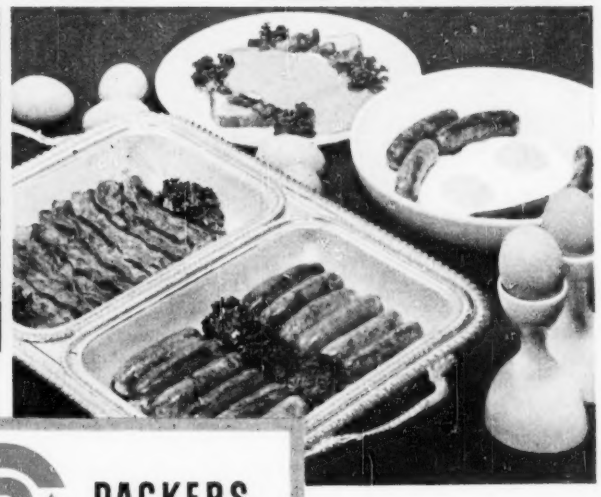
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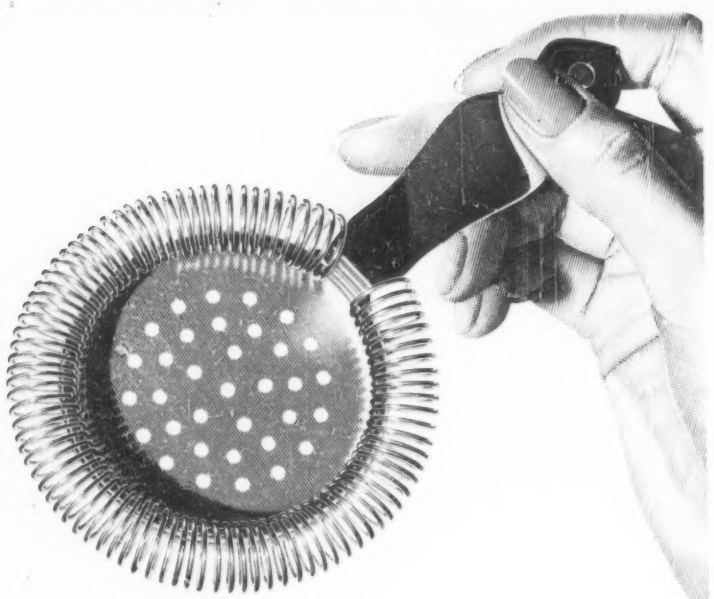


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The voice that came back from silence

Continued from page 22

He was deaf in one ear, almost blind in one eye; worst of all, one side of his face was paralyzed

The surgeon operated in December 1946. For ten days Schiotz's life was in danger. Then he regained a wisp of strength; after three weeks he went back to Copenhagen on a stretcher. He could not walk, since his sense of balance, affected by the operation, was still lacking, and his control of the muscles of his right arm and leg had been greatly damaged.

When Schiotz was finally able to take stock of the condition he was in, this is what he found. The acoustic nerve had been cut and he was totally deaf in the right ear. He could see very little with his right eye. The right side of his face was paralyzed. Consequently the right side of his mouth was lifeless. Enunciation, phrasing, and many of the other qualities of singing depend largely on the control of the facial muscles. The doctors said that it was "not completely impossible" that there might be some eventual regeneration of the facial nerve since they had not had to cut it entirely. Constant exercise was the only method of treatment they could suggest.

But Schiotz's control of his vocal cords *was* intact. His voice was faint and squeaky because of the general feebleness of his body but, he says, he "could feel that it was still there. It never occurred to me that I might not sing again. If it had, I probably would not have recovered." His wife says, "He was simply too weak to think about it."

Six weeks after his operation, his weight was down to 140 pounds from a normal 200. Before his illness he had received an offer to sing at the Edinburgh Festival in the summer of 1947. Now, in January, he decided to accept that offer. Even though Gerd knew his decision was almost madness, she humored him by bringing him the contract to sign. He did not have enough control over his muscles to make the fingers of his right hand grasp the pen. "Our doctors told me that it was my duty to prepare Aksel to accept the end of his career," his wife said recently. "But I refused. I had to agree that they were probably right; but as long as *he* believed, I felt that my real duty was to encourage him."

The Schiotzes had two sons and three daughters and no means of support other than the royalties from Aksel's recordings, which were selling well in the United States and, Gerd says, "saved our lives." Schiotz had been a schoolteacher for eight years, singing as an amateur, before he committed himself to a professional career. He could have gone back to teaching and been assured of a living. "It would have been a sort of defeat," he says. "I couldn't give up what I had been — I wanted to get there again. To be myself meant only one thing to me — to be able to sing."

During this bleak period Gerd and Aksel Schiotz lived by borrowing money from friends. Then, one winter morning, Gerd found a basket on their doorstep, filled with early spring flowers, three bottles of champagne, and a large silver cigarette box. Gerd opened it and discovered a pile of banknotes. An unsigned note said, in part:

> Friends of yours and admirers of your art ask you to receive this gift as token of their deep gratitude. Nobody has been able as well as you to interpret feelings hidden in our national treasure of song. Rich and poor alike have had comfort and encouragement from your voice and your courageous behavior during the occupation. . . . Your illness is a personal grief for the whole nation.

In the first days of spring in 1947, Schiotz tried to walk. Not only were his sense of balance and his muscular control severely affected, but his judgment of spatial distance had suffered and he had difficulty determining how far away



MACLEAN'S

objects were. At first he left the house only at night, so that his attempts to balance would not be seen. As soon as the weather grew warmer the family went to stay on a remote farm in North Jutland. There Schiotz started singing again. Within a few steps of the farmhouse there was a wild, solitary beach where he sang to an audience of birds and waves.

Schiotz was attempting a kind of voice rehabilitation that had never been accomplished before. There was no known guide, no known course of therapy. He experimented with all kinds of exercises, but singing itself turned out to be the best exercise of all.

Because Schiotz had had such an extraordinary natural voice, he'd had little formal training. Now he had to invent a technique almost from scratch. He taught himself. He had once recorded many *lieder* (they are still circulated on long-playing records released by Scandinavian Odeon) and hundreds of Danish songs. He played them over and over again, painfully imitating himself. He was angrily competing, he says, with the voice of "that boy," as he called himself. At the same time, with the help of Danish radio technicians, he began to make tape recordings, which he played back so that he could measure even the slightest sign of progress. "I was too weak during this

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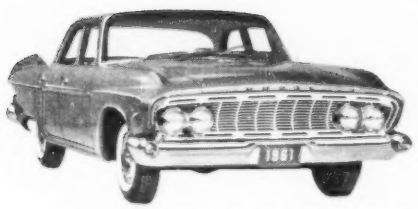
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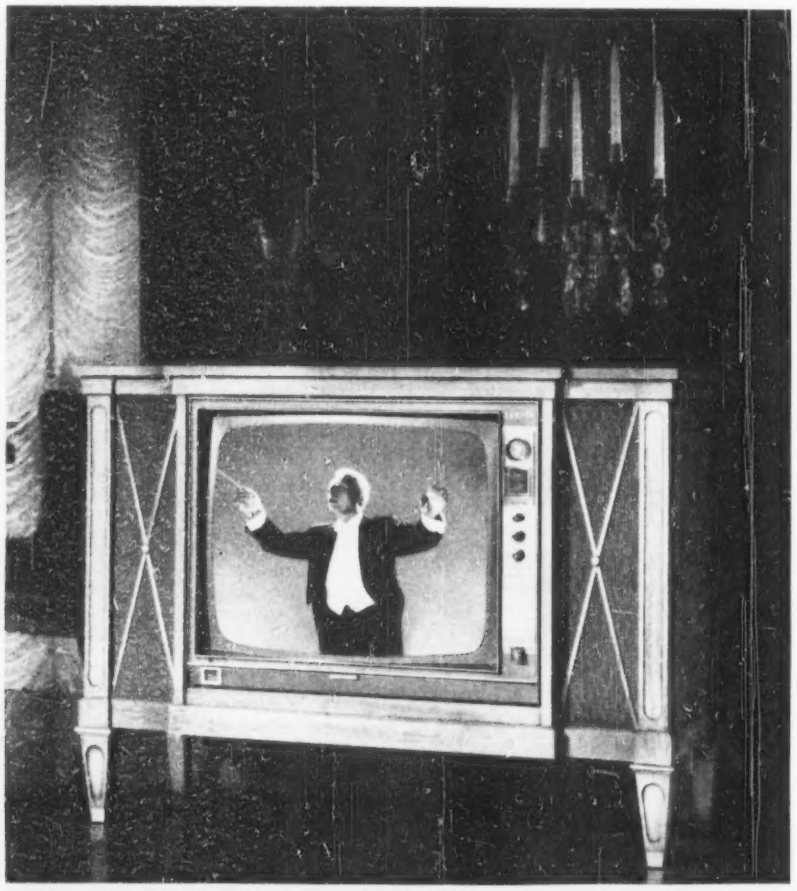


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summer, and for months afterwards, to work more than a quarter of an hour, or half an hour at the most, in the morning, and again in the afternoon. But every day, every hour, I tried to make my mouth move."

In the fall 1947 a Swedish shipowner invited him to continue his convalescence aboard a freighter that was to make a seven-month voyage. Gerd stayed behind with the children. During the long cruise Schiotz kept strictly to his schedule. He decided to learn Die Winterreise, a Schubert cycle of twenty-four songs, which he was eventually able to sing standing up, as if for a concert. This in itself was a triumph — he was regaining control of his legs. Excitedly he reported this advance to Gerd in letters home. When she joined him after five months she expected to find him enormously improved. She found his facial paralysis unchanged. Three days after her arrival, he was able to twitch the right side of his mouth a fraction of an inch. "Gerd's visit was shock therapy" he jokes now.

This was the turning point in Schiotz's battle. Now that he had taught himself to control even a twitch of his mouth, he had proof that the facial nerve was growing.

In the fall of 1948 he made a comeback in Copenhagen. He was still frighteningly weak, but he chose a taxing program for his concert. Gerd remembers that the audience was as nervous as he was. There was an audible gasp when he walked on. His facial paralysis was then much more pronounced than it is now, and his gait, now normal, was stiff and uncertain. But after the first few songs a great wave of relief was felt to fill the theatre. This was the sound the audience remembered and loved. True, the voice was diminished in resonance, but the critics reported that the most important qualities had survived — the beauty of tone, the flexibility, the poetic and moving interpretation of mood.

After this success, Schiotz's next thought was to sing in a city where he could be certain that critical judgment would not be colored by the emotion of his countrymen. He chose Town Hall in New York. News of a failure there would be heard everywhere in the world of music.

"I felt that I had to face the psychological pressure of a critical audience again. In many ways it is like teaching school. Twelve-year-old boys know instinctively if you're equal to the task or not . . . and they make you know it too."

Lovers of *lieder* jammed Town Hall that night. Their curiosity was intense; confused reports and rumors about Schiotz's illness had reached everyone, but no one knew what to expect. Some of them, like the famous ballad singer Richard Dyer-Bennet, came from as far as Colorado. *Lieder* enthusiasts are as passionate as bullfight aficionados, and just as hard to please. Again Schiotz had to face the problem of making the audience "listen with their ears, not their eyes." David Hall, music editor of the HiFi-Stereo Review, remembers that the opening numbers were "nervous and a little tentative. The former ringing quality of the top notes was no longer there but the Schiotz artistry was evident in the fullest and most poignant measure." At the end of the concert the audience roared approval.

Schiotz then went on to Montreal, where he was to give a recital with a leading Canadian accompanist, John Newmark, who is now an old friend. "As soon as I'd entered his studio, without discussing tempi or pitch as you usually do, we went right through all of the Schumann Dichterliebe cycle—perfectly! When it was over we just threw our arms around each other and wept. Sentimental story, isn't it?"

After the Montreal performance, Schiotz sang two more Town Hall concerts. He was close to a breakdown from the exhaustion of the past weeks and his voice betrayed the state he was in. But he had proved that the most difficult audiences would accept him again.

He returned to Denmark and found that there was a great demand to hear him. "During the war so many Danes heard me sing that now they wanted to see for themselves that I hadn't changed. Of course it wasn't true. I had changed, after all. I knew that after a concert many of them would go home and play my old records and compare — and be disappointed, perhaps."

In 1953, after appearing at a Casals Festival in France, he decided he would sing, from then on, as a baritone rather than a tenor. Although this was an acknowledgement that he could not recapture the past, it made a great deal of sense. He simply did not have the tremendous physical power needed to produce the top tenor notes without straining. "Moving down the scale meant learning a completely different way of using my voice," he says. "A whole new field of music opened up for me."

Gerd, too, was working hard. Although she had never written before, she and Aksel completed a book about their experiences during and following the war. Immediately it became a best-seller in Denmark. Soon she was writing a weekly magazine column and doing radio scripts and translations.

One of Schiotz's first pupils was Roy Schuessler, professor of singing at the University of Minnesota, who in 1953 spent his sabbatical year studying *lieder*. In the next few years pupils came from many countries. In 1955 Boyd Neel, dean of the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, invited Schiotz to teach at the summer school. That summer he sang at the Stratford Festival, and in the fall he

PARADE

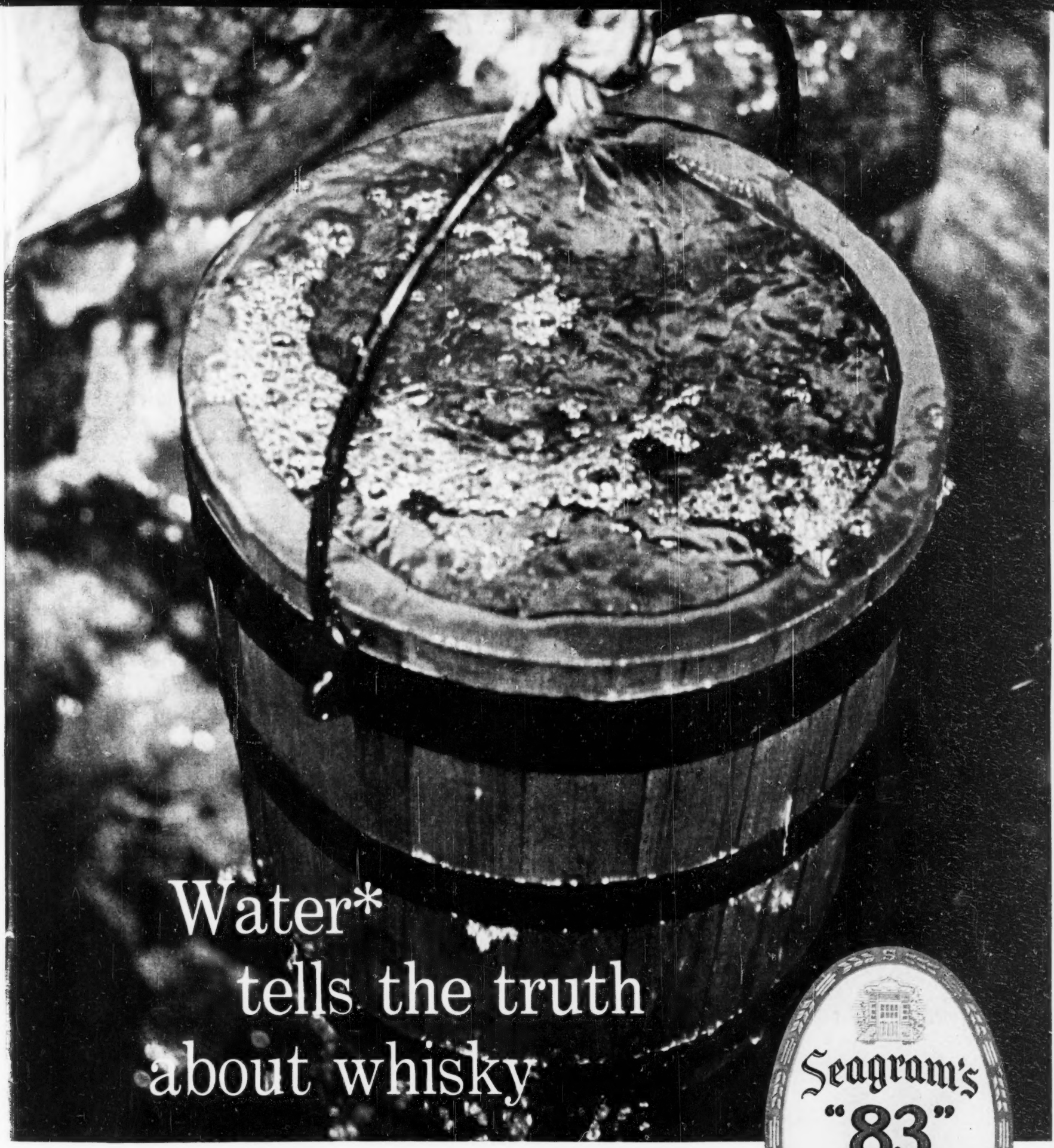
The memory lazes on

A woman who has moved from Alberta to Vancouver Island finally got everything unpacked and found a moment to write us about her husband's efforts to improve his memory. He wrote away for a course in Pelmanism and, when the books arrived, plunged right in and made short work of the first few lessons. They were good stuff, too, he thought, but before



he get far enough to show any real improvement he had to give up because he'd forgotten where he put the books. That was several years ago, but there's still hope for his memory. When everything was cleared out for the move to B. C. the books turned up — in the woodshed — so now he can start all over again.

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Pour an ounce or two of Seagram's "83" into a glass. Add ice if you like. Then pour in clear, cold water* (plain or sparkling) until the mixture is just the right shade of pale amber. Now lift the glass and breathe in that clean, fresh fragrance . . . like fields of golden rye in the sun. That is Seagram's "83" as Seagram's and Nature made it — with nothing added but honest, all-revealing water. If it tastes better than any other whisky with water, then you'll be sure to like it as well with any other favourite mixer.

accepted a teaching post at the University of Minnesota. The Schiotz family spent three years in Minneapolis. Each summer they went to Vancouver, where Aksel taught and gave recitals at the University of British Columbia. In 1958 they moved to Toronto, where he now teaches at the Royal Conservatory.

Students from all over Canada come to his studio in the crowded old Conservatory. When he teaches he loses all traces of the slight reserve he otherwise shows. He is a vigorous teacher, on his feet most of the time, radiating joy in his work. He punctuates his lessons with laughter and jokes, although a student says, "After a half-hour class with him I'm limp."

One young student, awed by *lieder*, said not long ago that he felt he was "treading on sacred ground" when he sang Schumann. Schiotz replied, with a roar of amusement, "If, by sacred ground, you mean that it's darn hard to sing, maybe you're right." But few people know as well as Aksel Schiotz *how* difficult it is to sing. Today, at fifty-four, he is still working at it. He says, "To be a singer is a daily struggle." Of his singing, the New York Times of March 15, 1961, said:

> When Aksel Schiotz completed Schubert's "Die Winterreise" Tuesday night at Town Hall, the audience burst into applause. Then, as the applause continued, people began to stand up. By the time the Danish baritone returned for his seventh bow the whole audience was standing and many were cheering. ★

why do you have to work, mom?



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Beggar in the Congo

Continued from page 27

broadcast had been very timely. If he hadn't heard it, he might not have let me in so easily.

When we arrived in Lagos I was worried about where to stay. The wireless operator knew of a YMCA. It was an old house that boarded Nigerian students cheaply. It was already overcrowded but the committee made an on-the-spot decision and gave me a place to sleep on the floor. The students were very kind with what they had. They said I could eat there, and then refused to let me chip in on the food.

Not far off the coast of Eastern Nigeria is a Spanish island called Fernando Poo. Ever since I started looking at maps I'd wanted to go there. After all, any place with a name like Fernando Poo must be interesting. But visas for Fernando Poo are rare indeed.

In Lagos the honorary Spanish consul was an Italian. As he put it, "I'm not supposed to give you the visa without special authorization. But after all, I'm an Italian. There isn't much the Spanish can do to me except take the job away, and it doesn't pay much anyway. For heaven's sake, don't get stuck there though."

So I walked out of his office with my permit to go to Fernando Poo stamped safely in my passport. But I still had to find some way to get across to the eastern part of Nigeria. One morning at the YMCA one of the students made a suggestion.

"Have you tried the Daily Graphic?" he asked. "Every night they send their newspapers all over Nigeria by their own fleet of lorries. I know they go as far as Oron. From there the ferry takes you right to Calabar, where you can get a ship for Fernando Poo."

That day I went to the office of the Daily Graphic. The boss was an Englishman. He fixed me up in no time and told the man in charge of transport to give me the lift. So at one o'clock the next morning, on a Daily Graphic truck that was a kind of Mammy-wagon, I left Lagos for the east.

On the coast any truck takes passengers. Even the drivers of Works Department vehicles pick up extra cash that way. While papers were being loaded into the Graphic van, the African circulation manager was selling tickets at so much a mile. I was the only freeloader on the truck. They put me in front with the driver and a female political organizer, a Mrs. Okereke. She was annoyed because she thought the seats were uncomfortable, considering the price she was paying. I was inclined to agree with her. All we had to sit on was a board. There was no door. Mrs. Okereke was a heavy woman and now and then she fell asleep. Her head would fall on my shoulder and with her weight I nearly went out the open side several times. But we were better off than the others. The superstructure of the truck was made of wood; the back was divided into small compartments. Some of them contained newspapers, others people. The people were jammed in like cordwood.

Mrs. Okereke was a supporter of Nmandi Azikiwe. Everybody called Dr.

Azikiwe "Zik," and Zik was holding a big rally. Nigeria was soon to get its independence and Zik wanted to be prime minister. Mrs. Okereke said that Zik was a wonder who had done a great many things for Nigeria. The driver didn't figure Zik was so hot. He said Zik had done a lot of things for Zik, and nothing for Nigeria. According to him Zik should have seen the inside of a jail long ago. The driver and Mrs. Okereke argued heatedly about this most of the way across Nigeria.

After rolling for two nights and a day we reached the Cross River opposite Calabar. This part of Africa used to be slave country. Many of the slaves who went to the New World were shipped through the port of Calabar. Paul Robeson calls himself a Calabar man. The tiny coves in the great mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Cross used to hide the slavers from the British men-o'-war that patrolled the coast after Britain's anti-slavery laws were passed. The muddy waters cover the bones of many a cargo of wretched slaves. When a slaver was spotted by the Royal Navy, the crew dumped their human cargo, chains and all, into the river to drown. It was the easiest way to get rid of the evidence. As our ferry navigated around the sandbars and snake-infested swamps that clog the rivermouth, a Nigerian pointed out to me some of the more notorious slaving coves.

As soon as the ferry docked at Calabar, I headed straight for the Roman Catholic church I could see on top of the hill overlooking the town. Sure enough, the Irish priest said he could give me a place to sleep. Not only that, he said he knew somebody who could get me over to Fernando Póo for nothing. There is a lot of smuggling between Fernando Póo and the mainland, and he knew one of the smugglers.

The smuggler was a little nervous about sending me across thirty miles of open sea in one of his dugouts. He told me that often a canoe was lost at sea, and if that happened with a white man aboard he'd really be in trouble.

A Spanish steamer called at Calabar every few weeks. The trip cost thirty shillings, deck class—about four dollars. The smuggler insisted on paying my passage across. So one afternoon, carrying his four-colored umbrella, he went down to the shipping company and bought me a one-way deck-class ticket.

He had a novel way of finding paddlers for his canoes. Nigerians sign on for five years' labor on the island's cocoa plantations. To save the price of a steamer ticket, they paddle across for the smuggler. On the other side, laborers who have finished their terms take over and paddle back. The smuggler pays no wages, but

PARADE

Pacifists in arms

A Hamilton, Ont., radio station has been amusing its audience with spoof commercials plugging such desirable domestic appliances as $3,000 earth movers for spring garden work and $3,000,000 missiles for blasting squirrels, gophers and neighbors' children off your front lawn. The latter sales pitch brought an immediate response: three phone calls from irate listeners vowing to report the station to the SPCA and the Children's Aid Society.

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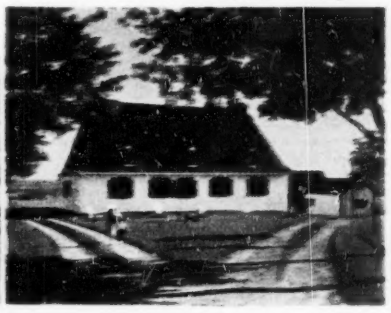


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"When my friend asked the African what he wanted, the native chopped off the other priest's head"

each man gets the trip free and a bottle of whisky to keep him warm.

The Nigerian students in Lagos had told me about Fernando Póo's indentured labor. They called it slavery. But I couldn't see that anyone was forced to sign up. The Spanish pay good wages to attract the labor, and Fernando Póo is probably the only colony in the world where the blacks are paid more than the whites in the mother country.

On board the steamer the steward didn't like to see a European on the deck with the Nigerians. He made me spend the day in the first-class lounge wishing I could get something to eat. If I had been on deck someone would have given me rice. The Spanish captain ate his lunch in the room I was in, and watching him didn't make me feel any better. I did mention to him that his food looked appetizing, but he didn't come across. By the time we steamed into Santa Isabel harbor I was very hungry.

That evening as I walked around Santa Isabel with my pack on my back, an African came up and asked me if I was looking for the mission. I couldn't figure out how he knew what I was after. He just said, "Follow me." And I did.

He led me down narrow streets to a boulevard and stopped in front of a big European house. Then he vanished. The door opened, and a white man with a big black beard and shorts as dirty as my own said, in a cultured English accent, "Well, well, well . . . do come in and have a cup of tea."

Inside the house were a couple more bearded characters. They were members of a Cambridge University zoological expedition. Like me, the expedition was short of cash, and the men were waiting at the mission till their ship sailed for Europe. When the African had seen me in the street with beard and pack he'd assumed that I was another member of the expedition looking for his friends. It was lucky for me that he did. I moved in with them.

The British consul was overjoyed to see all the visitors. The Spanish were so difficult about giving visas for the island that the consul rarely saw anyone. Though the expedition had Prince Philip as one of its sponsors, it had waited two years to get the permit. The only other stranger was an Australian. The Spanish government had hired him to install printing presses and then waited six months before giving him permission to go to Santa Isabel to set them up.

The $100 bill was hidden

Santa Isabel is a lovely place. It is Spain in Africa, even to the big cathedral. Not only that, but it's very cheap. I could actually afford to go into the Spanish bar and buy a sandwich. My only trouble was to get back to the mainland. There was no boat to Douala in the French Cameroons for a month. Finally I had to take the twenty-minute plane ride. It cost me $10.40. This was money I was counting on for French Equatorial Africa. With a hundred-dollar bill hidden in my clothes, six ones and a few odd francs, I landed at Douala. I had five countries and thousands of miles of equatorial jungles, swamps, and savannahs between me and Nairobi, Kenya.

Because of the heavy rainfall, the Europeans in Douala have a pasty-faced look. They rarely see the sun. But the climate and the mosquitoes weren't their only worries. There were gangs of terrorists wandering around the outskirts hacking people to death.

There was a priest who ran a small mission five miles from Douala. The bishop had told him to come into town every night and he slept in the empty school with me. The afternoon after I arrived he told me his story.

A few nights before, he and another priest were sitting down to dinner at his mission. An African opened the door and stood for a moment looking at them. When my friend asked him what he wanted, the African pulled out a machete and cut the other priest's head off. My friend saved himself by jumping out the window. It was a harrowing experience but he told it to me with great relish.

It didn't make me feel any better about hitch-hiking. I went out and for seventy-five cents bought myself a machete with an eighteen-inch blade. I still have it.

Until I arrived in Douala I hadn't been able to find a good map of the roads and tracks in that part of Africa. I didn't even know if there were any roads, though there are always tracks of some sort. But a Frenchman explained that I should go first to Yaoundé, the capital of the French Cameroons, some 125 miles inland. From Yaoundé I would go 700 miles further to Bangui, the isolated capital of the Central African Republic. On the side of the Ubangi River, opposite Bangui, I would enter the equatorial jungles of the Belgian Congo. The next morning I left the Atlantic behind me and started out.

In a way the terrorists did me some good. Because of them the French had set up checkpoints on the roads out of town. All vehicles had to stop at them. As I trudged out to the first checkpoint I was a little nervous, but a passing Frenchman stopped his car and drove me right to the barrier. He explained my situation to the soldiers. They stopped the next car and got the driver to take me with him. He was another Frenchman, and he was going to a place called Edéa, which had a sawmill. The region abounds with mahogany. When I got in the car he asked how far I was going. "Nairobi," I told him.

He didn't say another word until we reached Edéa. Then he gave me a funny look and said *"Bonne chance!"* I guess he wasn't sure whether to believe me or not.

Just before you reach Edéa there's another checkpoint. On each side were the towering trees of the jungle. It was there I started wishing I had a little more money. I was still wearing my Saharan sandals. They didn't protect my bare feet. There were a lot of tiny centipedes at the checkpoint and while I waited I received several painful bites. I needed a pair of boots but I simply couldn't afford to spend my money on them.

I waited several hours before an African and his family came along in an old car. He wanted money to take me, but the policemen told him that I was a foreign visitor and that he'd better not try to use that road again if he took any money from me. So I climbed in the back seat, with a large can of oil dripping

WHAT HAS NEW "GALAXY" GOT



A—LADIES' CONTINENTAL AEROPACK $57.50 B—LADIES' PULLMAN CASE $52.50 C—LADIES' TRAIN CASE $32.50 D—LADIES' WEEKEND $35.00 ALSO SEE GALAXY FOR MEN

in my lap, and we bounced off down the road to Yaoundé. There were times when it didn't look as if we'd make it and sometimes we had to push, but we finally arrived that same night.

Because of the terrorists there was a curfew in Yaoundé and I couldn't sleep outside. I found a mission school where there was a spare bed. From here on there wasn't much point getting out on the road to hitch a lift. There wasn't enough traffic. I hunted around town to see what I could find. Everybody gave me the same story. It was the rainy season and there was no traffic. I had been told the same thing all the way from Gao on the Niger, a couple of thousand miles back, and I had got as far as Yaoundé. I figured there must be something.

I tried the British consul. He sent me to the Chamber of Commerce. They had a scheme by which people traveled in convoy because of the terrorists. "What a pity you didn't come a month ago," said the lady at the Chamber of Commerce. "Nobody travels now. It's the rainy season."

After I'd tried the hotels, the trail went dry. Then a European policeman told me to try the transport companies. I tried all but one. They had trucks but they wanted twenty dollars for the ride to Bangui.

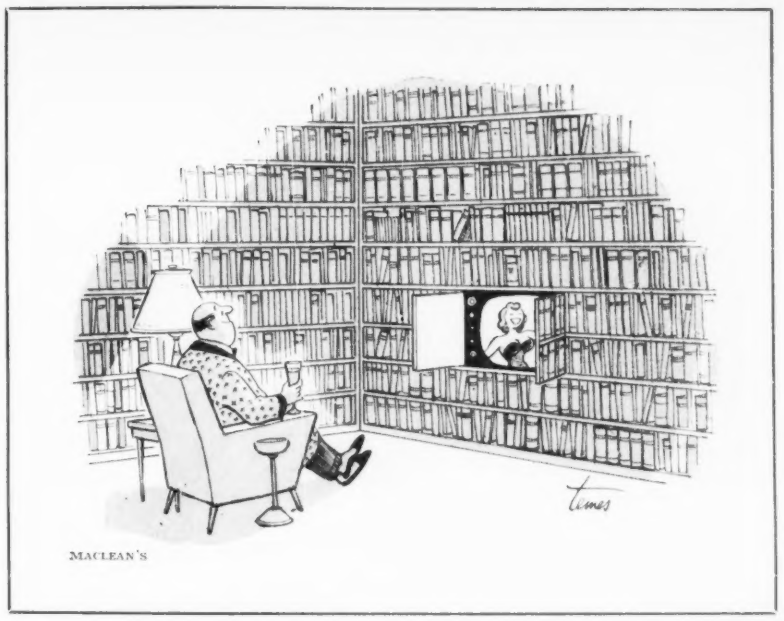
The last one was a big company called STOC. The manager was an African and I hadn't much hope when I tried him. I nearly fell over when he said he'd be proud to have me ride on one of his trucks, right to Bangui, at no charge. I was so excited I went out and bought a chocolate bar. A couple of days later, a big truck rolled down the main street of Yaoundé on its way to Bangui. I was sitting beside the driver.

About fifteen miles from Yaoundé the road became a corrugated mud track. In places we went through jungle. In other places the jungle gave way to the high elephant grass of the savannah. The only village we passed the first day was a sleepy little settlement called Nanga Eboko. It boasted a couple of Portuguese trading stores. That night the driver and I slept beside the road under a grass roof supported by four poles. It kept the rain off.

As we bumped along the next day I noticed that the natives were terrified of motor vehicles. We didn't go very fast. One stretch of mud was so bad that we did only forty miles in six hours. But as soon as they heard the truck, the Africans would dive into the elephant grass. They couldn't even bear to watch us but hid their heads as we went by. The driver got a great kick out of this. He would sneak up behind the Africans and blow the horn just to see the excitement. One poor fellow really had a fright. He was stark naked and riding a bicycle. When the driver blew the horn he lost his head. He tried to get off the bicycle without stopping and got caught in it. Then he and the bicycle went head over heels into the bank beside the road. The driver was tickled with himself.

The second night we slept in a Moslem village. Moslems always keep a spare hut for travelers and they provide straw mats and a pail of water. The Moslems don't charge. The Christian villages also let people sleep in their huts but it costs twenty cents. Though my driver was Christian he told me he always stayed at Moslem villages.

On the third day we crossed the border between the Cameroons and the Central African Republic. There were just a few huts and a couple of tin-roofed shacks that served for customs and immigration.



MACLEAN'S

I had no visa and hadn't been able to get one. What had been the Ubangi-shari colony of French Equatorial Africa was now a republic, but the new republic had no consulates or embassies. The only way to get a visa was to write to the government at Bangui, but that could take months.

It was all very confusing, and the African immigration officer told me just to report to the chief immigration officer when I got to Bangui.

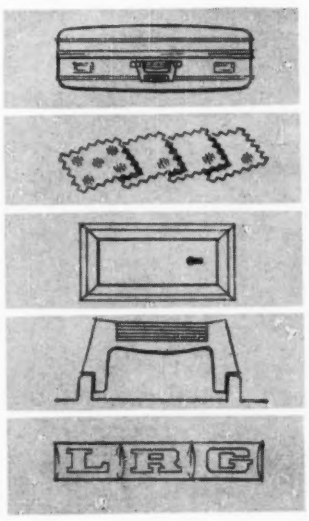
Not far from the post was a mission. The missionaries were a couple from Saskatchewan, the Johnsons. We had to wait for the road to dry, and I went up to see them. They ran a school and had been there for two and a half years. In six months they were going home on leave. Mrs. Johnson told me that in this district one of their big problems was tribal murders. Whenever a woman gave birth to twins it was assumed that she was having an affair with another man. Therefore there were two babies instead of one. The infuriated husband would hire the witch doctor to find the guilty party. Then some poor fellow would have to drink poison. If he lived after it, he was innocent. If not . . . well, he was guilty. According to the Johnsons, the

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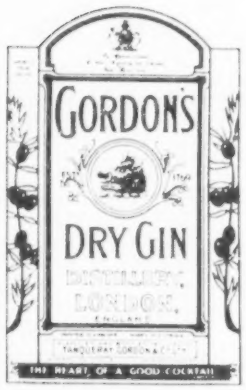
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G 61-2

witch doctors are stepping up their work.

As the scenery changed from jungle to savannah the people changed too. It was in the French Cameroons that I first came upon Bantu tribes. Along the coast it had been West African Negroes. Now as we passed through the savannah there were the beehive huts of the Sudanese. Their villages were crooked-looking, like something from the Wizard of Oz.

As we drove along at night we could see the bonfires in front of the huts. The people drank fiery liquor made from distilled banana juice and they danced around the fires beating drums.

Finally, five days after leaving Yaounde, we arrived at Bangui, on the Ubangi River, deep in the heart of Africa.

For several days on the truck I hadn't eaten. I couldn't bear to part with the money I had. I didn't want to get stranded in the middle of Africa. But in Bangui prices were so high I couldn't afford even the cheapest native restaurant. So the local population was astonished to see a bearded, long-haired man walking around town tearing up a loaf of dry bread and cramming it into his mouth.

There was a steam ferry over the Ubangi to Zongo, a tiny post on the Congo side. But the ferry ran only for the occasional car or truck that went across. For me, the only way was by native dugout, and the natives knew it. They wanted sixty cents to take me over. Half an hour of haggling got the price down to thirty-five cents. Five of them took me across the half-mile-wide river. In Zongo there was a passport official, a couple of trading stores, and a narrow track into the jungle.

With my pack, my machete, my little bag of maps, and my automatic umbrella that popped open when I pressed the button, I sat wearily down on the bank of the Ubangi and waited. I was very hungry.

All that day I watched the other side. If the ferry steamed up it would mean that someone was coming. The second day came, and passed slowly. The morning of the third day came and went. Then on the afternoon of the third day I saw smoke. Hopefully I rushed to the small dock as the ferry drew near. There was a big American car on it, with blue Belgian Congo plates. The driver was a Belgian. He was selling bicycles. He was going my way.

His name was Pierre Lefauvre. He came from Leopoldville. He was going to Lisala, an administrative centre about four hundred miles away. During the next few days we visited many posts in that corner of the Congo. Like traveling salesmen everywhere, Pierre had to see all his customers. In the jungle there is no grazing for donkeys, so bicycles are big business. They are the only quick way of getting around that the Africans can afford. They even use bikes as taxis. A fellow will pay so much a kilometre to ride on the rear fender, and sometimes he'll go fifty or sixty miles.

One afternoon we visited a tiny post called Dongo. There was a Portuguese trader and a Belgian district officer. The DO's name was Marcus. He invited us to stay the weekend and go hunting along the shores of the Ubangi. I thought that would be great. The next day Marcus took us down to the wharf where he had a big dugout with an outboard motor. The first thing we had to do was to pay the couple of Africans who came with us.

As we went upstream we pulled near the shore. In the tops of the trees there was a lot of chattering and I could see the branches moving. Marcus aimed his shotgun and blazed away. Down fell a couple of monkeys. After two or three repeat performances we had enough for the boys. That was one time they were going to have a good dinner, with lots of meat. One of the monkeys was still alive when the boy grabbed him, so he cleaved its head open with a machete. A shudder went up my spine.

I have never eaten monkey myself but I do know a Frenchman who eats it every Sunday. In many parts of the forest, particularly in the eastern Congo, the Africans consider it a great delicacy. In other parts of the continent, they won't touch it.

Except for the monkeys and a small bush gazelle, we didn't get anything. But

SQUEAKY Doors?



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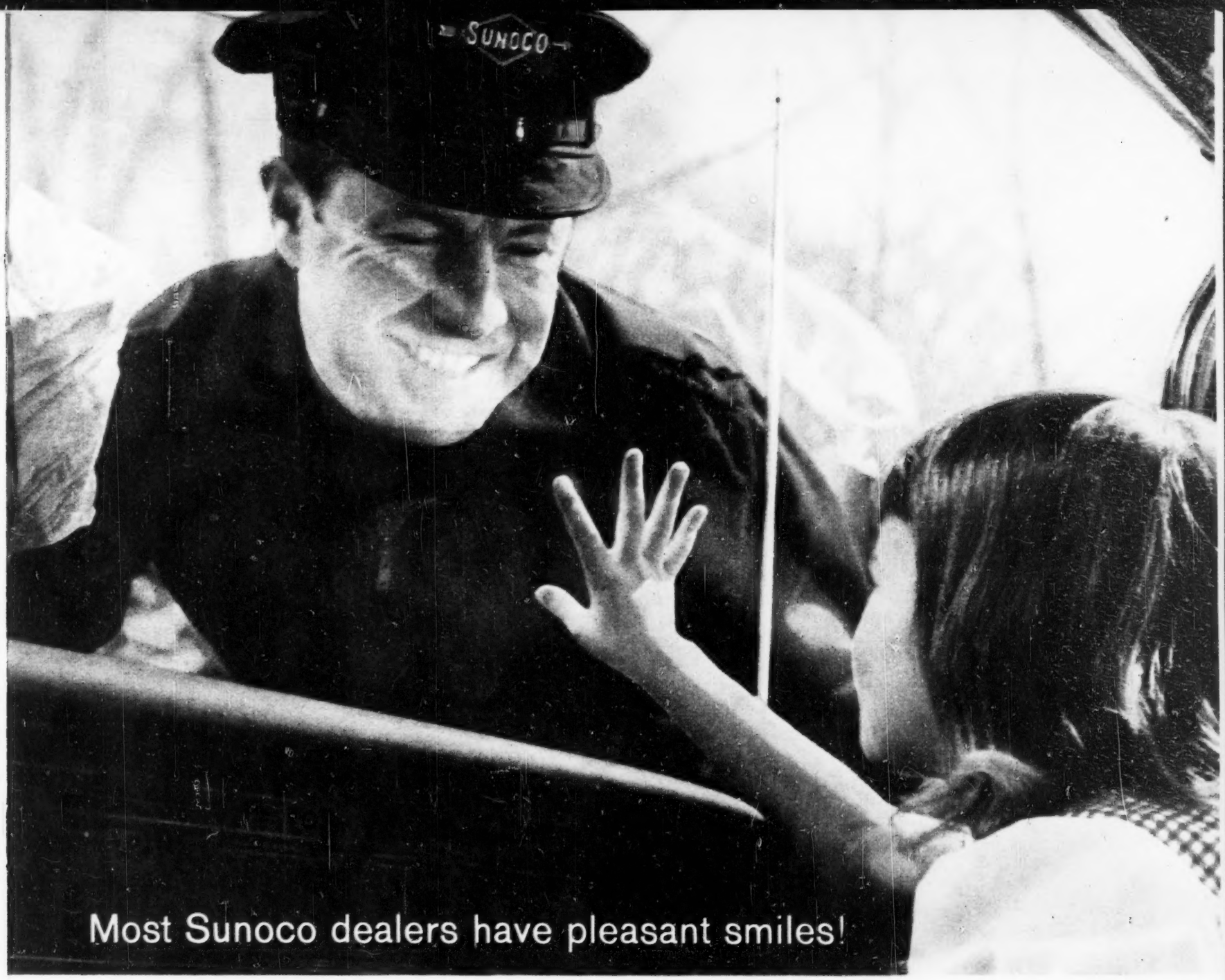


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there was plenty of wildlife. When we turned off the motor to paddle through some reeds there would be a great "whoosh" and here and there a hippo came up for air. If one had come up under our boat we would have been in trouble. The river is full of crocodiles and even an otter or African nutmeg is not dangerous. The traveling salesman was pretty nervous but I'll have to say he was game. We got back in Dodge without mishap.

The salesman and I became good friends. When, after a week, we arrived in Lovale, he threw things up to me that I could have the good night's rest and a decent meal before we parted. He told the African in charge of the compound residence that I was chief of all the mzungus in the Congo and I was making a visit to inspect them. When my head hit the pillow I was out like a light. I was awakened in the morning by the boy bringing me tea. I had slept for more than 12 hours.

The next day in Lovale on the road to Solwezi, in a fairly important place called Mumbwa, I got there without much difficulty. Mumbwa even had a hotel. While I was talking to the owner two European ladies came up to me. One of them asked if I had any change. I had a few francs in my pocket and said "Yes."

Then he asked me if I could change $200. I thought he was kidding but he seemed serious, so I told him that I couldn't quite make it. That the hotel-keeper came along and told these two fellows that I was looking for a lift. They had a rubber plantation fifty miles along the road. When we got in their car they explained why they had asked me for change. It seems the local bank manager was not a decent man.

A shy woman gave me oranges

As I went farther east there was more traffic. There were more Europeans, too. Every town was a little bigger than the one before. Finally, at Ndola, about two hundred miles from Solwezi, I decided to try hitch-hiking again. I went to the edge of town and sat down.

All day I waited, but nothing passed. There was a school close by and at four o'clock the pupils poured out. They were African children. The first few walked up to me. Then a three-year-older about eight years old stopped and stared. In a few minutes I was surrounded by boys and girls. The adults who had been too shy to look at me before came out of their houses; before long there were a hundred and fifty people around me. Fortunately no vehicles came by—the drivers would never have seen me.

A young beggar brought me a bottle of water and sat down to keep me company. One of the women came up to us with her hands full of oranges. The Belgian offered her a couple of francs. She shook her head. They weren't for him. She came over and picked up my small bag and put the oranges inside. Then she headed shyly into the crowd. After that there was a line-up of women with fruit until my pack was full. Not long before I'd been trying to stock them all over-here for very small change.

Finally a truck came in sight. The Africans had caught the idea that I was broke and trying to get to Solwezi. When the truck stopped a great cheer went up. Eager hands grabbed my pack and heaved it on the truck. As the truck started up again they ran along the road after it waving and cheering, "Kwa heri, mzungu, au revoir."

Solwezi is the real gateway between the primeval forests of the Congo basin or province. There the Anglo-Saxon changes from the Lingala of the western Congo to the Kiswahili of East Africa. The Africans I met were more advanced than those I'd encountered in the north-western Congo.

I was racing against the sun. I went through Jadotville. I stayed just long enough to eat a pineapple and then got under my umbrella and out on the road. I went only before a truck stopped. The African driver could take the attitude two hundred miles.

About halfway along we stopped for refreshment. Together with the paying passengers I went into a small shed that served as a store. It was quite a thrill for the local Africans to find a European sitting down among them and talking to them. As usual, a crowd formed outside and peered in. The African who managed the place was very proud of the situation. He even went out and got glasses for the beer instead of calling Kolwezi every time Fraser for my benefit. The locals kept murmuring each other. It sounded just like the local European club every time we were putting on the dog. None of them could speak very good French and they had to explain it to one another in Kiswahili what the hell we were saying. When I left, we all shook hands formally.

During the next few miles the most gave way to large coffee plantations. As I headed south toward Lake Kivu the coffee plantations became tea plantations and after hundreds of miles of pure flat jungle the terrain became hilly. The Kivu district is known as the Garden of the Congo. Bananas, pineapples, strawberries and all kinds of vegetables grow well. Then came the moment that made the months of travel worth while—the Great Rift Valley.

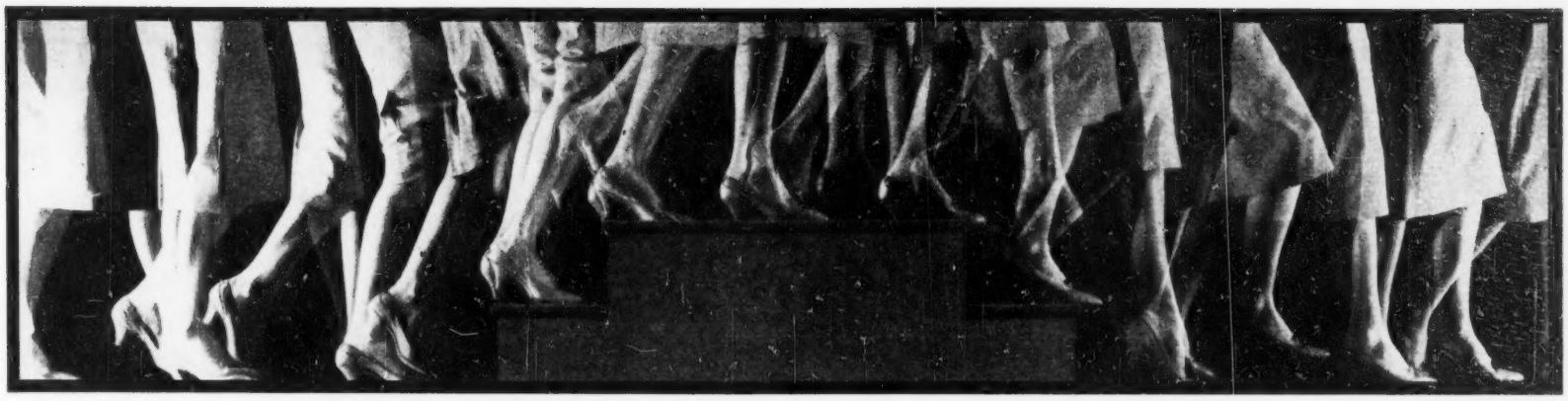
Another traveling salesman had picked me up. The one who'd gone. We had been making our way through the hills south of the Pygmy country. All of a sudden it looked as if we had arrived at the edge of the world. There, hundreds of feet below, was the floor of the Rift Valley. Here and there I could see herds of elephants and buffalo that looked about the size of ants. Off to my left was Lake Edward. I could easily make out the far shore. It was in British East Africa, my destination.

A short while later I was sitting by the road again. A car stopped. As I raced up to it I noticed the license [illegible] of the small, blue Congo plate. It was black with white letters and numbers. A plaque on the rear of the car read EAT—East Africa Tanganyika, one of the three territories that make up British East Africa. When the Italian driver said he was going to Kampala, the commercial centre of Uganda, my worries evaporated and I relaxed for the first time in months.

When I climbed in the car I saw great bundles of banknotes scattered on the back seat. I assumed that the Italian was doing some smuggling of one kind or another. It was lucky for me that he had the money. At the border the immigration official wouldn't let me in without a cash bond. The Italian slipped me a great fistful of notes. I waved them around the immigration office. It certainly impressed the officials, for they let me through. Three days later I arrived in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. I had crossed the continent and learned something I'll never forget—the most important thing in life is a full belly.

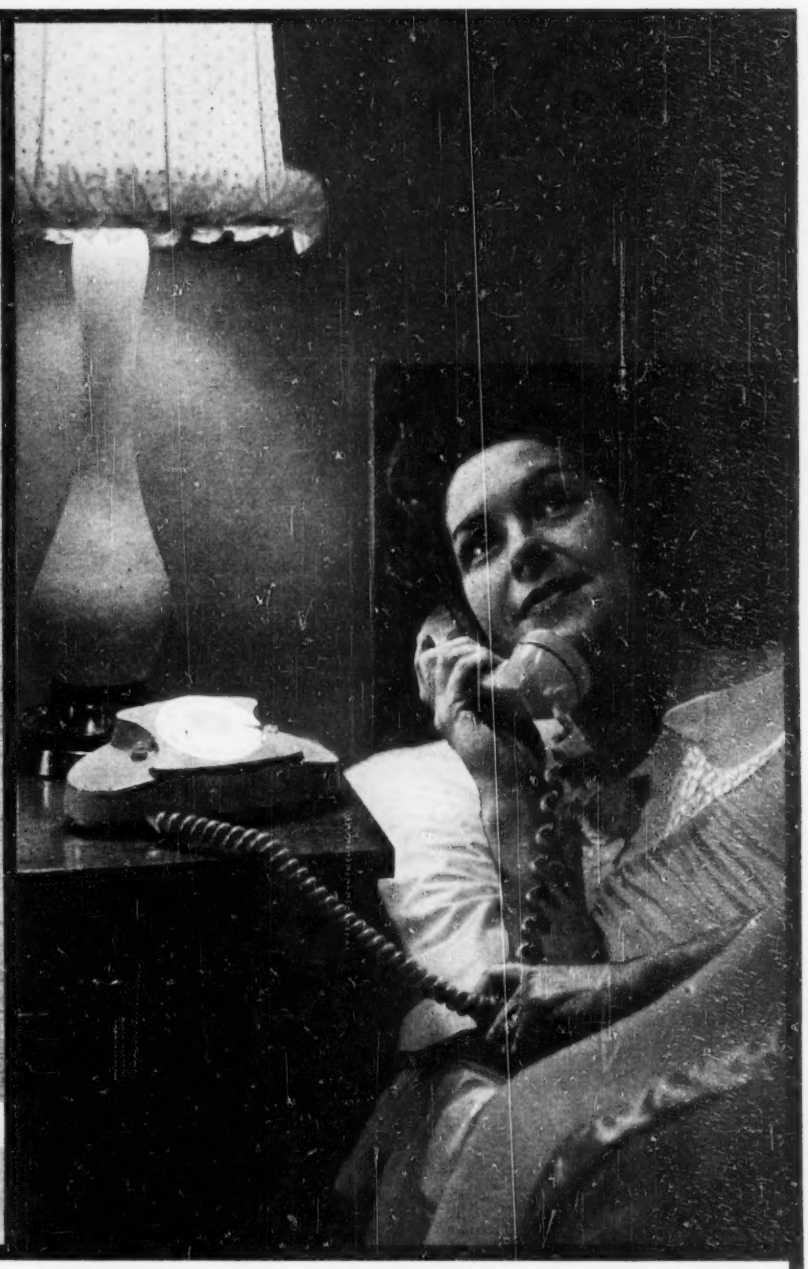
During the next few months I was to learn that East Africa is the most beautiful country in the world. ◆

In the concluding chapter of his African diary, in the next issue, Woolley tells of his wanderings in the Rift of Africa.



SAVE A THOUSAND STEPS A DAY...





...PUT A GOOD-NEWS WALL PHONE IN YOUR KITCHEN – THE GLOWING, COZY COMFORT OF THE PRINCESS IN YOUR BEDROOM. CALL THE BELL BUSINESS OFFICE. IT'S SPRING – AND SPRING'S THE TIME TO RE-PHONE YOUR HOME!

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

For the sake of argument continued from page 10

don next fall for the 28 United agencies were levied as a tax on real estate?

This year a mill on London's tax rate will yield about $267,000. London's United target this year probably will be close to $700,000. About 2.5 mills would raise every dollar needed. Residential property in London sells at around three times assessment. An average $14,000 suburban ranch house is assessed for $4,600; the 2.5-mill levy is $11.50, just under a dollar a month. In 1960, some 40,000 families gave approximately $360,000, or an average of nine dollars a family (corporations gave about $250,000). Those families who gave more than nine dollars themselves are the best judges of how many thousands gave nothing.

My irate friend with $40,000 assessment would have to pay $100 more in taxes. Is this too much for a man with a $120,000 stake in the community to pay toward the maintenance of the city's unfortunate? I don't know. I *do* know it's a lot more than he contributed last year.

I'm not convinced, actually, that an effective answer lies in raising *all* community welfare funds by taxation. In the speech mentioned earlier I suggested that fifty percent might be raised by taxes. Control should remain in the hands of the private agencies and the volunteer citizens who give so much of their time and energy to provide these services.

The interest and enthusiasm, the effectiveness and efficiency of volunteer workers will be strengthened, I think, rather than weakened by such an arrangement. Those who this summer and fall go into the 1961 campaign would feel far more secure and be far more willing to undertake their task if they knew that some basic percentage of the needs of the agencies were already available.

It may also be possible to control the multiplicity of new organizations springing up to seek funds. How controls could be introduced, I don't know, because there can be no restriction on the right of individuals to associate — and raise funds — for lawful purposes. But something must be undertaken before new demands on the charitable dollar destroy the effectiveness of services already being provided. Some cities (notably Brantford and Victoria) are experimenting with Charitable Appeals Review Boards, which may control drives for funds by careful study of all appeals before it passes along its approval to the businessmen, labor organizations and governments participating.

Another reason for suggesting that a portion of the welfare funds should continue to be raised by voluntary giving is that there is in all of us a deep-seated urge to share some of our wealth with those less fortunate than ourselves.

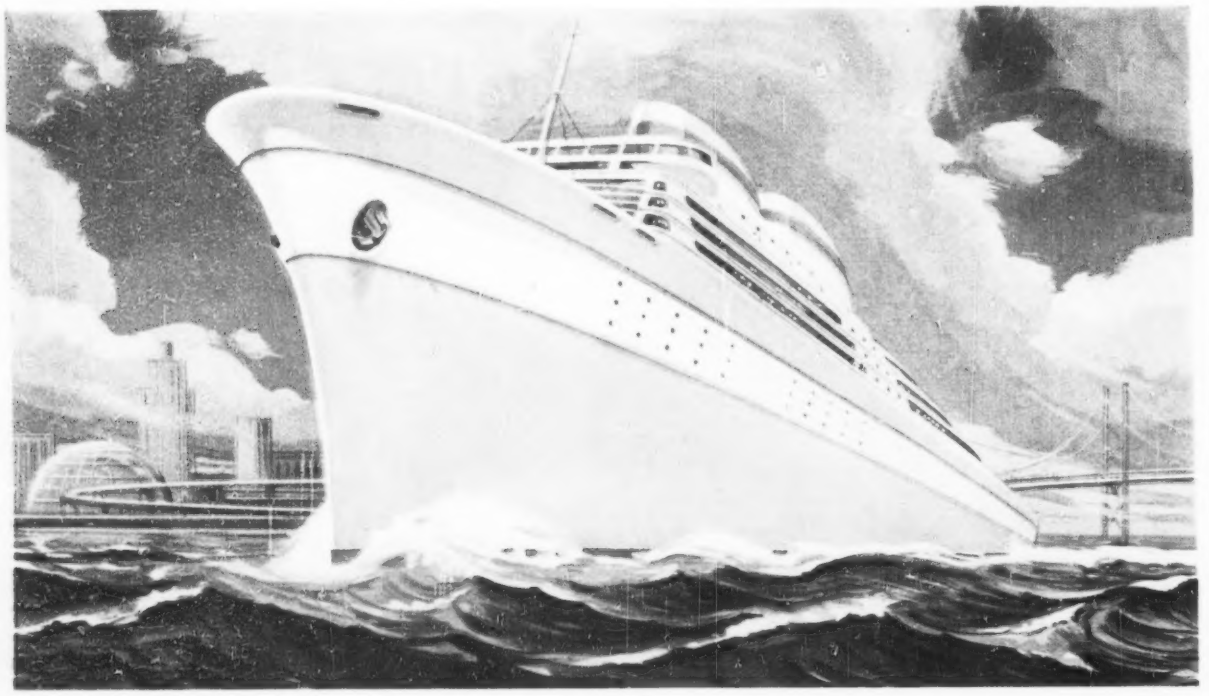
Businessmen naturally shy away from any tax proposal. Corporations already carry a heavy burden of taxation. Like most businessmen, I instinctively oppose anything that smacks of the welfare state. Our western democracies were not made great by men cushioned against life's hazards by baby bonuses, prepaid hospital care, old-age pensions and government subsidizing of everything from railways to farms.

Yet the way things are set up now, businessmen are paying far more than their share in dollars (through company and personal donations) and they are also paying millions of dollars in the time of key executives who spend weeks every year trying to bludgeon United Appeal and Community Chest dollars out of the rest of the population. If executives stayed in their offices and applied themselves to their company business and let the tax collector do the job, I'll bet they'd make more than enough money to pay the company's additional tax bill. And, if their personal giving happens to be generous, they'd save money, too.

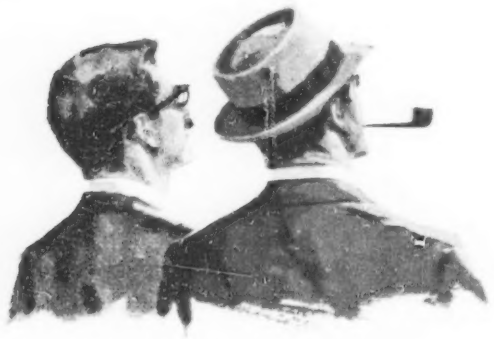
Oddly enough, tax assistance to private agencies usually is looked upon as a socialistic proposal by people who do not realize it exists in a surprisingly large number of agencies.

Hospitals operated by religious orders receive substantial grants per bed from provincial and federal governments and it is an unusual municipal council that does not make a substantial grant to assist such hospitals in new construction. The Children's Aid Society, in Ontario at least, receives municipal and provincial per diem grants. The Salvation Army and other privately operated missions and hospitals that care for unmarried mothers and the down-and-out receive per bed grants as well as operating grants.

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the London Day Nursery, the Victorian Order of Nurses and other agencies are given grants from London's municipal council. One agency may receive $1,000, another $2,000. Why? Is the need of one greater than the other, or is one president a more skilful advocate than another? The absence of any apparent basis for making grants (other than keeping them to a minimum) is as difficult to explain as the basis for the charitable giving that keeps the whole



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Canadian welfare structure in operation.

London's Family Service Bureau has never had, to my knowledge, a municipal grant. It was suggested once or twice when I was president that we might try for one but I honestly couldn't think of a good reason for suddenly seeking one. We did obtain a grant in trust, however, from the federal government. The Department of Citizenship and Immigration is attempting to establish young reserve Indians in cities and asked the bureau to supervise the funds offered to help these young people get a new start. The bureau was glad to try to help, with or without the grant. It illustrates, however, the complexity of channels through which welfare assistance is now distributed.

Lack of uniformity also extends to the numerous agencies concerned with specific diseases. For example, a friend of mine has a son partly crippled with polio. Information and assistance is provided in generous measure through the Ontario Society for Crippled Children (which receives grants for treatment centres). The boy receives the best of hospital care, special braces, shoes and exercising equipment and the finest physiotherapy—and rightly so. Yet another friend has a daughter with cystic fibrosis, a relatively unknown disease that is almost always fatal and requires massive quantities of expensive drugs and special breathing equipment. The cost appears to be at least as great as for the average polio victim. There is a Cystic Fibrosis Foundation to which parents can go for information and help. What help is available? The drug companies, generously accepting a form of voluntary taxation, provide drugs at cost.

It may be that both these parents deserve help from the community. Or it may be that neither should be given assistance. After all, they choose to marry and bring children into the world. Why shouldn't they look after them?

Such an argument can be applied to the work of almost any private agency. This is the ultimate in free enterprise uncontrolled; let every man stand or fall on his own merits and ability to survive.

Is this what Canadian cities really want? Shall we close up the Salvation Army soup kitchens and let the destitute knock on our doors for food? Instead of a Red Cross transfusion service, would it be less troublesome to let those who can't pay $25 a pint for blood die quietly?

You and I know these things will never come to pass in our Western democracies, as we know them today. A little more than a century ago, boys were hanged for stealing bread, and men who could not provide food for their families sometimes watched them starve. We no longer allow indigent widows to be auctioned off to the highest bidder, as was the case not far from London in 1816. Nor are we prepared to throw into debtors' prison those who fail to pay their bills—though at times some of us must be tempted.

Our attitude has changed radically in a century. For good or ill, we have developed a vast complex of welfare agencies to help individuals we believe need help. In our hearts we know we cannot let these organizations fail; at the same time we are making them ineffective by giving them always just a little less than they really need. And the gap is widening, not closing.

If you are prepared to assume that existing welfare services are needed, have no doubt that every penny of good is squeezed out of your charity dollar. I used to wonder whether the money was wisely spent. I have no doubts now. No corporation comptroller ever fine-combed department budgets more thoroughly than the budget committees that went over the spending plans of our welfare agency.

Their very effectiveness brings up the spectre of government control of private agencies, if some kind of tax assistance ever develops. Many thoughtful people see disadvantages in the administration of complex welfare situations through government organizations, including the traditional attitude of civil servants bound in red tape and inflexible rules.

But undesirable—if they are so—government controls do not necessarily follow. The private agencies that now receive government grants are certainly far from being under government control.

Elected representatives must be assured there are effective controls over the manner in which money is used, but such controls do not now and need not extend to all private agencies being taken over by an administrative branch of government. My relatively small experience suggests that private agencies are quite capable of resisting domination by anybody.

So the situation as I see it is that the private agencies are on the horns of a dilemma: they cannot return to the jungle warfare of separate campaigns because the community will not allow it, but United Appeals are not providing even minimum operating funds.

Somehow, somewhere, men of good will in each community will have to sit down with elected representatives at the three levels of government and hammer out a solution to the problem.

There will be many trials and many errors. I believe that eventually the answer reached will include raising at least a percentage of the required funds through taxation, for distribution through existing agency machinery. ★



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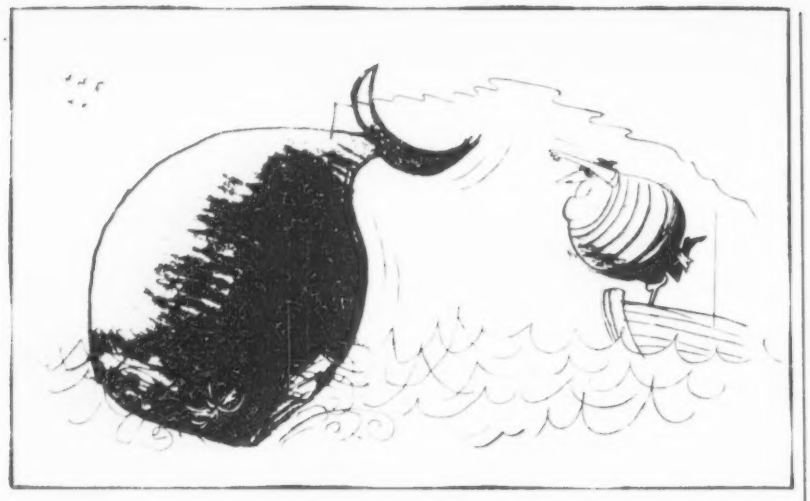
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D 61-10

The apprenticeship of Mordecai Richler

Continued from page 21

CARLOS: Things are very quiet out here tonight. I do not like it, Nick.

NICK: I was just wondering . . .

CARLOS: Si, she is very beautiful. Like a Grecian statue. But she is dangerous, Nick.

NICK: I like 'em dangerous.

I copied a number of film terms out of the book I had bought, and the "new" script read.

CARLOS: Things are very quiet here tonight.

SOUND: IT IS VERY QUIET.

CARLOS: I do not like it, Nick.

CARLOS SCRATCHES HIS NECK.

NICK: (WITH A FAR-OFF, WONDERING LOOK) I was just wondering . . .

CARLOS: Si, she is very beautiful. Like a Grecian statue. (A MEANINGFUL LOOK) But she is dangerous, Nick.

CUT TO A CLOSE-SHOT OF NICK. HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. HE INHALES. HE SMILES ONE OF HIS CHARACTERISTICALLY SLOW, TOUGH SMILES.

NICK: I like 'em dangerous.

"Now that's what I call a script," the producer said.

Vesuvius Had To Blow Up Twice

I had arrived. I began to go to the sort of parties where show-business people met and, at one of them, a script writer came up to me, and said, "How would you like to collaborate on a musical? I've got a producer and an advance. We have an absolutely free hand—except for one thing. Vesuvius has to blow up twice."

"The volcano, you mean?"

"It's set in Italy, see. A big production."

I told him no, but a couple of friends of mine took him up on it. They wrote a script, the producer was delighted, and he told the writers that he had booked one of the biggest theatres in London for the production. Opening night was only five weeks off.

"But what about the music?" one of the writers asked. "There's still no music."

"Not to worry. I own fourteen songs," the producer said. "*Lovely* songs." They were left over from other musicals. "You boys will fit them in nicely." Then, seeing that the writers looked a little disheartened, he pulled a telegram out of his pocket. "From Magnani," he said, his voice brimming with assurance.

Actually, the telegram was from Anna Magnani's agent. It said something like, IMPOSSIBLE STOP NO INTEREST LONDON PRODUCTION STOP.

"But she doesn't want to do it," one of the writers said.

"Yes, that's possible. But look who I'm dealing with!"

The musical was never produced, but I did get to collaborate with the original author on another project. We were hired to write two half-hour comedies, pilots for a projected series again, but this time for Peter Sellers. Sellers, at the time, had made only one feature-length film, The Ladykillers.

My first collaborator had taken me on as an act of kindness. He knew I needed the money. This one, an Englishman, wanted company. He was a would-be actor. He executed all the routines meant for Sellers. I learned to say, "Why, that's swell. A great gag," or, helping him off the floor, "Yes, I can see what you're getting at, but it really doesn't cut any mustard, does it?" I did the typing and

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brewed the tea. I also whistled with amazement when I was told inside stories about the private lives of the stars. But I never really satisfied my partner. The truth is he had wanted Reuben Ship to work with him. Ship, author of The Investigator, was an experienced Hollywood comedy writer. I wasn't. But at least I knew Ship. After a week's work my partner — nervous, upset — said to me, "Why don't you get your friend Reuben to read this script? See what he thinks."

I already knew what Ship thought. "He's very busy these days," I said.

My partner, not usually very quick with his liquor, poured me a drink. "Well, you know, he just might have a couple of ideas. He *is* your friend, isn't he?"

Finally, we were called to a script conference. Present were Sellers, the director, the producer, two assistants, and my partner and I. We sat solemnly round an enormous table in a boardroom overlooking Hyde Park. Before each of us there was a pad, a pencil, and a glass of water. The producer, a shrunken little man with extremely thick glasses, told us, "Gentlemen, we are here to exchange ideas. To my right is our director. Need I say, a *great* talent."

Ten years ago, the director had made a costume film that showed more bosom than any other had before. This, in the trade, is known as a trendmaker. Anyway, the film earned lots of money, but the director had not made another one since.

"A talent that I have engaged, I might say, for a pretty penny."

"I consider this series a challenge," the director said. "A very great challenge." His hands were shaking badly. He twitched.

The rest of us were fulsomely introduced. "Now, about the script." The producer, squinting, held the script no more than two inches from his face. "Page twenty-nine, boys. I think we've slowed down here. We need a gimmick. Well, if you saw Love Happy with the Marx Brothers you will recall there was a great scene in that picture. Harpo is leaning against a wall. Groucho comes by and says, 'What are you doing, holding up the building?' Harpo nods. He moves away and the building collapses."

Sellers was silent.

"Now, boys, ours is a small-budget film. What I think we could do on page twenty-nine is this. Instead of a building Mr. Sellers could be leaning against a lamp-post. When he moves away," the producer said, already beginning to break up with laughter, "the lamp-post falls down."

Sellers lit one cigarette off another.

"Page thirty-two, boys. Have you ever had the good fortune to see Mr. Danny

PARADE

Free enterprise

A drug salesman covering his beat in northern B. C. was shocked to find the shelves almost bare in one shop in a two-drugstore town. "Good heavens! What do you do if someone wants a prescription filled?" he asked the proprietor. "Send 'em to Louie's," replied the druggist, with a nod down the street toward his competitor's shop. "Last month I filled $45 worth of welfare prescriptions. Sent the bills to the government in Victoria but all they sent me was four bucks. Now I send 'em all to Louie's."

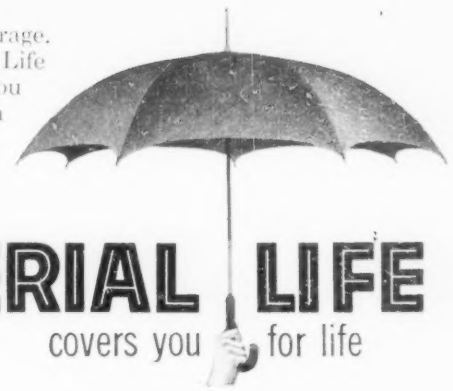
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Kaye, a great comedian, in Up in Arms?"

To my astonishment, the two films were made and distributed. I never went to see them. I did, however, continue to attend show-business parties, and gradually I picked up the jargon peculiar to the trade. I learned, for instance, that a "property" is a script or material for a script, that is, a book or a play. Some properties are hot, others tend to need a little goosing. When a producer asks you to give one of his properties a little goosing it means he is not willing to pay much to have a bad script rewritten. The most desirable properties are those that are in the public domain—scripts that can be based on the works of writers long since dead, and therefore requiring no payment.

One producer once took me aside and said, "Goddam it, I've just been to a library. Have you ever been to a library? What a fantastic place! Hundreds and hundreds of books—thousands! Most of them in the public domain, and I don't know which one to pick up. It's a goddam gold mine, I tell you. Listen, you've got an education. Go to the goddam library and find me a property."

If somebody said, "Say, what about Michael Wilding for the lead in . . . ?", I knew enough, by this time, to reply, "Are you crazy? Why that guy couldn't even sell popcorn." Whenever a leading lady's name was mentioned—any leading lady's name—I came right back with, "But do you know how she got the part? I mean, do you realize what she had to do to get it?" Nobody, I found, ever took you up on it.

I began to get more television work and my standard of living improved accordingly. I did not open an account at Harrods—and still haven't, for that matter—but I no longer ate Walls Sausages nightly, and I moved out of a rented room into a flat. My landlord was an abstract painter. One day he stopped me abruptly in the hall and said, "Do you know where yesterday is?"

"No. I'm afraid not."

"Do you know where tomorrow is?"

"Well, no."

"The old masters knew," he said. "Yesterday was over there," he said, turning his head sharply to the right, "and tomorrow is over here," he said, turning leftward. "You shouldn't write for the flicks. It's corrupting."

I began to think I was doing very well indeed. I was proud of my little flat at Swiss Cottage. By Canadian standards, it was a slum. I wasn't really aware of this until friends from home began to visit me there. One said, "Well, it's a struggle, isn't it?" Another, "Won't it be nice when you can afford carpets?" A third sent me a food parcel shortly after he returned home.

At first, I worked hard on my scripts. I took enormous pains to delineate characters clearly. Once, in fact, I took a full page to describe one major character's physical appearance, gestures, and habits, so that he was, I hoped, made individual beyond confusion. The producer read and reread the description. He chewed on his pencil. "Oh, I get it," he said. "You mean the Bogart type, don't you? Why didn't you just say so?"

Luckily, I put pseudonyms on all these scripts. When I got round to using my own name on television I had already formed a partnership, fortunate for me, with Ted Kotcheff, director, and Tim O'Brien, designer. We did three plays together for Armchair Theatre. Kotcheff and I also shared a flat. He instructed me further in the rules of the game. "Never hand in a script early," he said, "or the director will have you rewriting day and night, even if it's first rate. They're that nervous."

I had just begun to work on my second feature film, a rewrite job, and I soon found out what he meant. It was to be the director's first big film. He wasn't nervous. He was panic-stricken. I was originally hired because, as the director said, "The plot's OK, but everybody in the story is wooden. You've been recommended to us as a very good character man. We want you to put flesh and blood on these lumps." So I began to report every morning at nine-thirty with my portable typewriter. The director and I would work a two-page scene over and over again.

"Mn," he'd say, reading, nibbling on his nails. "Jolly good. Well, not bad . . . but would he say *that*? Is it really in character for him *at that moment*? Do you get my point?"

All the man had said, usually, was, "Thank you. I'll have two lumps."

I'd look pensive. I never answered immediately. "I think you're on to something, you know. It *is* out of character. I think he'd say, 'Thanks,' not 'Thank you'."

"But isn't that too Americany?"

"Exactly. But that's the point. *He's American-orientated.*"

"Really? How interesting you should say that. Is that how you see him?"

"Indeed I do."

"Mn. Maybe. But I think he's the sort who'd only take *one* lump with his tea."

"Well, I'm not sure. Maybe. I'll yield on that."

"No, you mustn't. I don't want you to give in because I'm the director. Fight me. You're the writer. If you see the character differently you must always insist on it."

Finally, after many hours of work, he'd

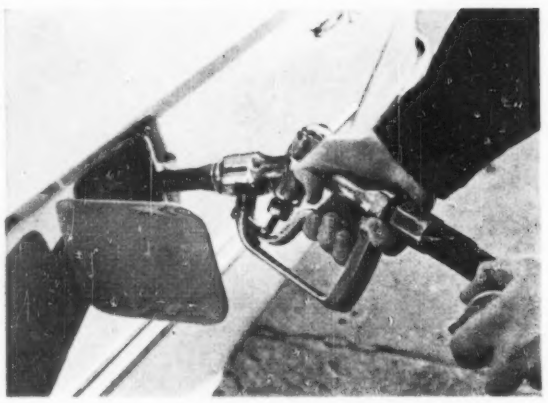
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say. "This scene is perfect now. Absolutely first class. Nobody could improve on it."

But the next morning the director would be pale. "My wife's sister-in-law was reading the scene in the bath last night and she hated it." We'd sit down and rewrite it again. "Superb," he'd say. The next day he'd look out of sorts again. "You share a flat with Kotcheff, don't you? Why don't you show it to him and see what he thinks?"

Resentful, but a loyal employee, I gave the script to Kotcheff. He read it. "All I can say," he said, "is I hope you're getting paid plenty for this. Wow!"

I was getting paid plenty, on a week-to-week basis, but the director often kept me a whole day without doing any writing. He'd take out a copy of Spotlight, a book with photographs of almost every actor and actress in the country, and ask my opinion on casting. My opinion, when you figured it at a day's pay, was very expensive.

"What would you think of John Mills?"

"He's all right."

"What do you mean 'all right'? Are you holding something back? Do you know something?"

I swore I didn't.

"What about . . . Jack Hawkins?"

"Sure."

"If you don't like him, tell me. This is very important."

I had, to begin with, considered the film business to be characterized by lavish spending, but once a star was cast for the film I learned differently. One afternoon, when the director and I should have been putting final touches to the script, the star turned up. It was John Gregson. He was carrying eight, maybe nine, suits over his arm, and he stayed for hours. One of the major problems was that in one scene in the film Gregson flings himself from a speeding car as it passes over a bridge. He gets soaked, naturally, and therefore he would need to ruin one otherwise good suit. He preferred—and so did the director, budget-wise—to ruin an old one. Gregson began to try on suits while the director watched, absorbed, and I, realizing we were not going to get any work done again, reached for the gin.

"Don't you think," Gregson asked, "this one would suit me fine for the scene where she faints?"

"Mn." The director pulled at his lower lip. "Isn't it a little youngish for the scene?" He turned to me. "What do you think?"

"I think he looks very sweet."

Gregson told me how much he liked the script. "I consider this picture a challenge," he said.

I poured myself another gin and offered to lend Gregson my one prized Jacques Fath tie. The director, I sensed, felt we were a happy unit.

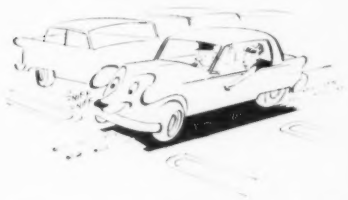
Though I was still without a screen credit, the last time out of choice, I had now worked on rewrites for two feature films, and then one day as, I suppose, it comes to pass in the life of any clean-living relief pitcher, I was offered a starting assignment. Sydney Box phoned my agent and asked if I would read No Love for Johnnie. Wilfred Fienburgh, considered to be one of the more promising Labor MPs, had written the novel, his first, and was killed shortly afterward in a car accident. The book was a loosely motivated but realistic piece about an opportunist, a Labor MP, in parliament. Sydney Box and I met, I was passed on to the producer who would be directly responsible for the picture, David Deutsch, and I was hired to write the screenplay. At the time there was a possibility that Jack Clayton, who had just made Room at the Top, would direct this film as well. But, as things turned out, I had been working on the script for only two weeks when everything changed. Sydney Box had a heart attack and went into temporary retirement, David Deutsch moved to another studio, and Jack Clayton signed to direct a different film. The project was taken over by Betty Box, producer, and Ralph Thomas, director.

One of the most enjoyable aspects of

PARADE

Lost generation

The other afternoon a woman carried her bag of groceries out of an Ottawa shopping centre, made off across the parking lot, then returned with a distraught look and used the pay tele-

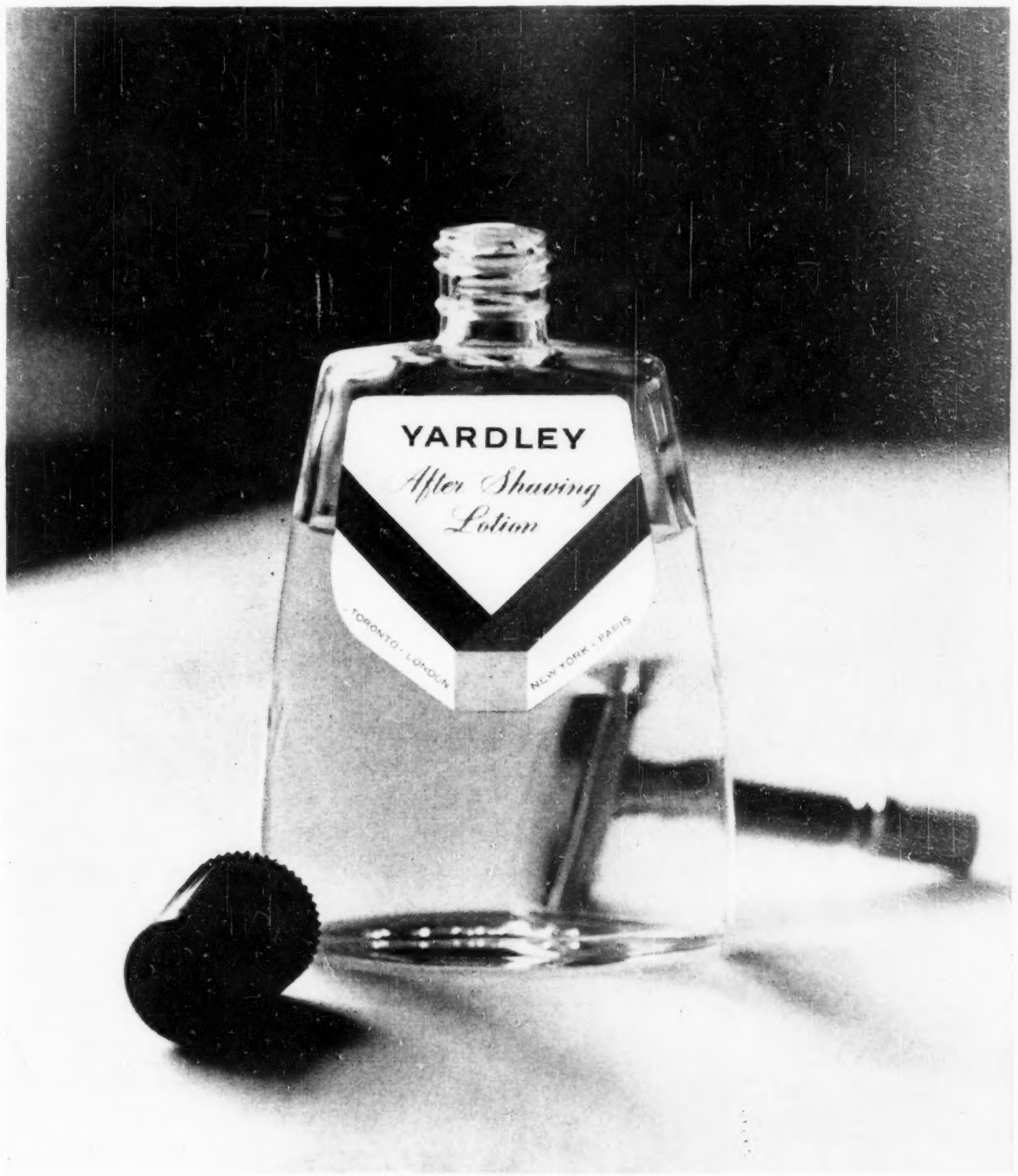


phone. A few moments later a taxi drove up and the driver asked "Where to, lady?" "Just drive around the parking lot," the baffled shopper ordered, "until I find my car."

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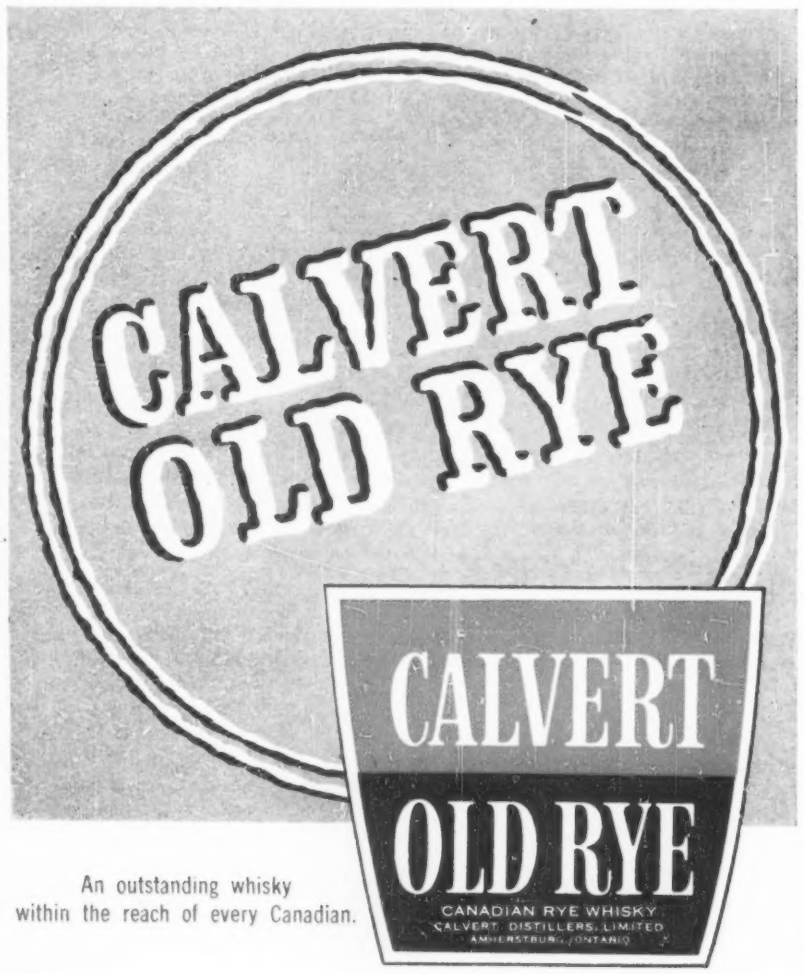
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working on No Love for Johnnie was that it gave me an entrée to British politics. All sorts of things were laid on for me. I was taken to lunch by a man from Rank who was the fixer. A former parliamentary private secretary himself, he could, I was told, arrange interviews for me with anybody. Anyway, the fixer got me a pass to the distinguished strangers' gallery and for several days running I attended sessions at the House. At private question time an ancient lady rose anxiously, the hand that held the notes trembling, and asked if a Ministry of Food pamphlet about the uses of bacon could not have been issued with a hard cover rather than a soft as a greater convenience to the hard-working housewives of Great Britain. This, I was told, was the first time she had been heard from in years. And so it went until the late Nye Bevan walked into the chamber; both front benches filled, and all private conversations stopped. Bevan had only a mild query to put to the minister, but there was no doubt that we were in the presence of political greatness. When he was done, once the threat of eloquence had passed, the benches thinned again.

I turned in my script for No Love for Johnnie, bought a small car, and prepared to drive down to Rome for the winter. A week before I left I found out, through another writer, that the first film script I had ever written, the one about smuggling in Spain, had never been produced. On the contrary, it was being used as a model for writers on how not to write for the series. A day before I was to leave a producer phoned me. "I've heard so much about you," he said. "You must come to my office this minute. I have a property here that is a *property*. It only needs a little work."

I explained that I had just completed a film and that I was going away to work on a novel.

"It's an anti-war script," he said. "I'm sure you'd want to see it done."

"There's somebody at the door," I said. "I have to go."

"If you don't want to do it," he said, "it's only because you're a warmonger."

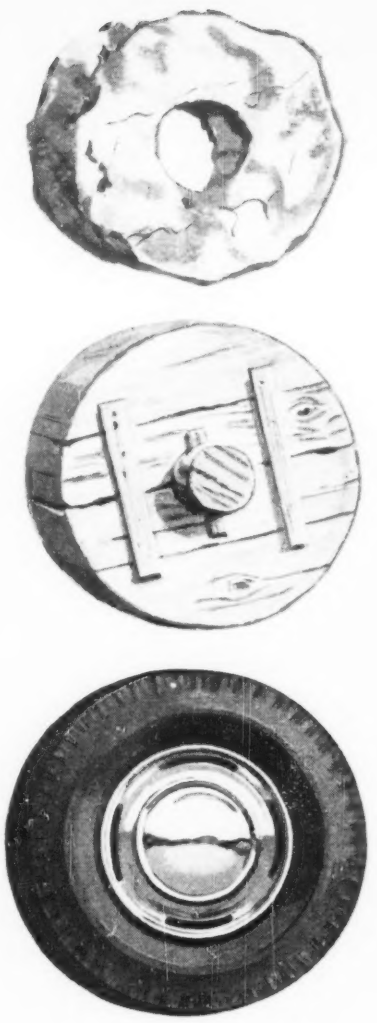
A few days later in Paris I went to some of the four-star restaurants I hadn't been able to afford when I had lived there before. At that time, my problem — the primary concern, in fact, of most of the writers I knew — had been money and a place to sleep. Now I paid income tax, just like a regular citizen. I sought out the cafés where I used to meet my friends, but I did not see a familiar face in any of them. It was good not to be broke, very good, but I also felt a little sad. I could recognize the new arrivals, the young writers and painters I didn't know, by the dufflecoats, the beards, and the blue jeans. They looked at me a little dubiously. Like I was a tourist. ★

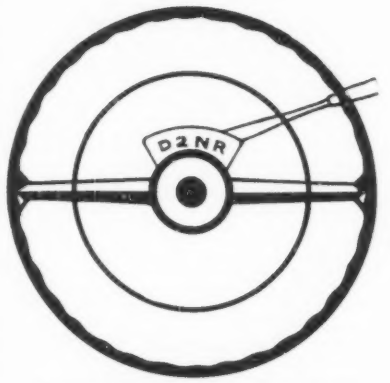
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Now I, too, can win friends and influence people continued from page 25

It's a Carnegie maxim that "a man's name is to him the sweetest sound in any language"

country's hospital beds were occupied by mental patients, the victims of worry. "The Worry Book," he said, "will teach *you* how to stop worrying. It will. It really will."

The shrill voice of a woman sounded from somewhere in the hall: "I had a gentleman tell me it stopped him from committing suicide." Naturally, this interjection delighted Horne and he told us of a man *he* knew who was on the verge of killing himself when he came upon The Worry Book and thereupon decided not to stop living, but to stop worrying.

Horne then ran us through a typical Carnegie exercise. Seven at a time we were brought to the front of the hall, seated on a long table, and asked to tell a few simple facts about ourselves: our name and occupation, where we lived, and why we wanted to take the course. After this we stood with our backs to the audience while, by a show of hands, they chose the best speaker of the seven.

A prison social worker gave this reason for seeking Carnegie's help: "I'm forever asking prisoners all about themselves. 'What did *you* do?' 'Oh, and what happened to *you* then?' You see, I have no trouble talking to them about their lives. But when I get with my friends and want to talk about myself I'm stymied. Shucks, there are times when I'd just like to say something about myself. What *I* did. What happened to *me*."

A stenographer, a pretty girl in her twenties, said, "My mother took the Dale Carnegie course and ever since I've heard nothing but Dale Carnegie, Dale Carnegie. She says I've *got* to take the course." Her story was corroborated by her fiancé, who said: "When I go to her house what do I hear? Dale Carnegie, Dale Carnegie. Nothing but Dale Carnegie."

An earnest young man, a Carnegie graduate, had brought his wife to the demonstration. "My wife says we can't afford to have her take the course," he said. "I tell her we can't afford not to let her take it. I'd gladly pay three times the price for what I got out of it. It has been the most wonderful thing in my life."

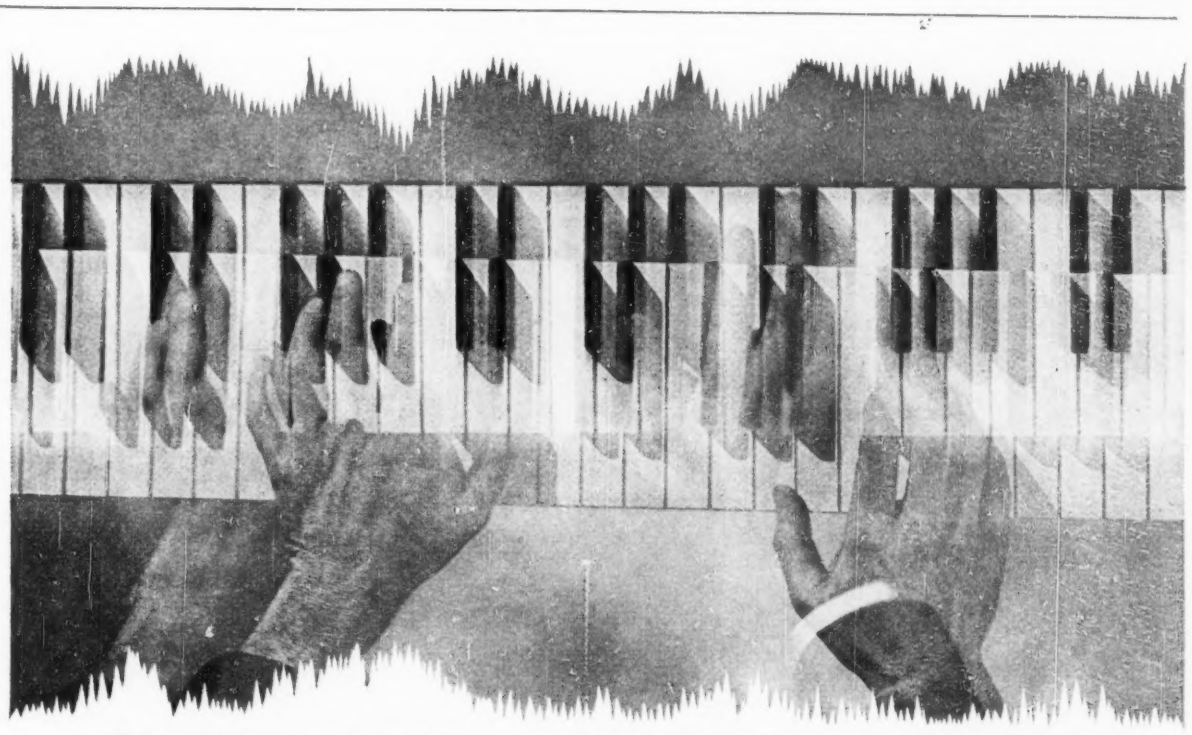
His wife did enroll and, at the final session, when each of us spoke on "What I got out of the course," she said she had successfully applied several of the winning-people-to-your-way-of-thinking rules to persuade her husband, much against his will, to let her quit work. "I appealed to his nobler motives (this is Rule Ten)," she said, "by telling him if I didn't have to work I'd have time to have babies and to sew buttons on his pyjamas."

Every now and then a graduate assistant bounded to the front of the room, much as a prizefighter bounds confidently into the ring, to tell us of the change Carnegie had wrought in his or her life.

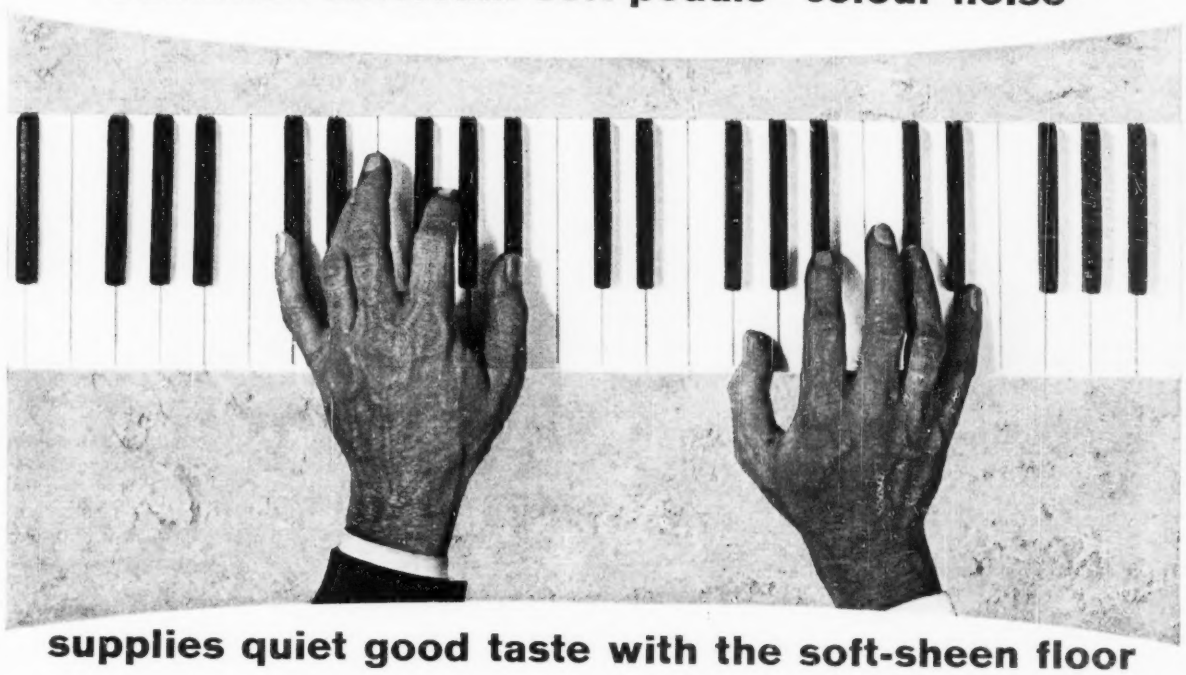
A young woman, after explaining that one of her tasks as assistant to the credit manager of a large firm was to prepare reports for the firm's head office, said, "I was always afraid to turn in my report for fear it might be wrong. I trembled and worried myself sick every time. Now I never give it a second thought. Oh, I *do* thank Dale Carnegie. I shook all over the first time I came to a Dale Carnegie session, but now I want to be with *his* kind of people forever."

It is a Carnegie maxim that "a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in any language" (Six Ways to Make People Like You, Rule Three), and one aim of the course is to teach the art of remembering names. Thus a bank clerk was called upon to describe his remarkable mastery of Rule Three.

"I could never remember anyone's name," he said. "I simply had a poor memory for names." But now? Now he knew the first and last names of every one of the 270 employees of the bank where he works. "As soon as I spot a new face, I get the name," he explained, proudly. "If a girl gets married, I find out her married name." He had extended his research to include people he met on buses, to neighbors, to social acquaintances, until "now I have six hundred



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names in my little book." He held the book up for us to see. "Why," he said, "I never knew I could make so many friends." New names are jotted down on a working sheet he always carries; he transfers them to his notebook only when they have been riveted into his memory. "You might say, 'That chap has a remarkable memory,'" he said, "but, honestly, I haven't. You could do it; you, too, could have six hundred friends."

I made use of this when my turn came to say why I was interested in the course. "I want to remember names," I said. "I would have taken the course long ago but I couldn't remember Dale Carnegie's name." This drew a laugh and won me the prize — a paperback copy of How to Win Friends — for the best speech of the seven given by my group.

One evening about ten days later I appeared in the banquet room of a downtown restaurant to attend the first session of Dale Carnegie Class 37.

Class 37 (so numbered because it was the thirty-seventh to be held in Vancouver) had thirty-two members, five of them women. They included a department-store clerk, a breeder of prize cattle, a druggist, the owner of a sheet-metal firm, a chinchilla rancher, a blonde and comely housewife, a social worker, two professional skin-divers, a bartender, a bookkeeper, a drug salesman, and several insurance underwriters.

We were each given, without extra charge, a hard-cover copy of each of Carnegie's three best-sellers, How to Win Friends (which has sold 5,210,000 copies), Public Speaking (1,925,000 copies) and How to Stop Worrying (960,000 copies).

Our instructor was Wes Horne. He had taken the course ten years before, then served as a graduate assistant, and, in 1957, had undergone three weeks' training as an instructor in Seattle. His full-time employment is as a shingle inspector in the B.C. lumber industry. "Teaching the Carnegie course is my hobby, although I am paid for it," he told me. "It's a thrilling experience. It's what keeps me going. Giving the course at the penitentiary — that's what I enjoy most. It's voluntary work, and you sure feel good when one of those prisoners gives you a sincere and hearty handshake."

The Carnegie course, I found, is primarily an exercise in group therapy. The shy and the timid are helped to overcome their inhibitions simply by speaking, at least twice every session for one to two minutes, to a wholly sympathetic audience. A key to the course's success is contained in something Wes Horne said at the very first session. "We're going to have fun," he told us. "This is a participation course, so come on, let's participate."

Here is an account of how I and some of the other members of Class 37 participated:

GETTING ACQUAINTED

We got acquainted by playing a Carnegie remember-the-name game. One at a time we rose, gave our full name, and then suggested some play on words or descriptive phrase that would help others remember our surname. A man named Goad asked us to think of a stick used to prod oxen and a man called Nordick became a northern detective. I was pictured digging in a garden. At times someone would be stumped and we'd all try to help out. In this way, a young woman named Mazuko was dubbed Bazooka. This done, we held a contest to see who could remember the most names. The winner got thirty right out of thirty-two. My score was twenty-nine, not bad for someone who had arrived late because he'd forgotten the name of the restaurant where the class was to be held.

DEVELOPING COURAGE

This was a repetition of the gambit we'd gone through at the demonstration: each of us told why he was taking the course. "I'm terrified when I face people," said a businessman. "I'd like to be able to relax in a room full of strange people," said a woman social worker. "I started to take the Dale Carnegie course ten years ago but I sneaked out of the first session when it came my turn to speak and I never went back," said an insurance agent. (He chickened out of our course, too, after that first session.) "My company sent me because they say I speak too slowly," drawled a drug salesman. "You know," he added, "I fell asleep at the demonstration." "I don't know how to stop talking once I start," said the owner of a sheet-metal shop.

Wes had a word of encouragement ready to sandwich in between each speaker. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he'd say in a sort of loud whisper. "Now didn't Bill hold us fascinated?" We would murmur our assent. "You certainly showed a lot of courage coming here tonight, Ruth," he observed, and we applauded.

DEVELOPING POISE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE

Ted, one of our three GAs, bounded to the front of the class to lead us through this part. "Good evening, class!" he shouted. "Good evening, Ted!" we chorused in reply. "Oh," said Ted, "we can do better than that. . . . Let's show a little enthusiasm. Now again. . . . Good evening, class!" "Good evening, Ted!" we cried. Greetings disposed of, we each recounted, in ninety seconds, an incident from our childhood that had "stirred our feelings and aroused our emotions." My notes reveal that no fewer than five of my classmates chose to tell us about the time they'd narrowly escaped death from drowning and I've often wondered since if the national incidence of near-drownings would work out at quite so high a rate.

REMEMBERING MADE EASY

As I remember it, this part went this way:

In preparation we were supposed to have learned these Carnegie "memory pegs": *One*-run; *Two*-zoo; *Three*-tree; *Four*-door; *Five*-hive; *Six*-sick; *Seven*-heaven; *Eight*-gate; *Nine*-wine; *Ten*-den.

Art, one of our GAs, asked us to call out, at random, the names of ten objects in the room and these he jotted down on a blackboard, numbering them in sequence: 1. piano; 2. light fixture, 3. piano bench, 4. drapes, 5. electric hot plate, and so on.

Then he turned his back to the blackboard and as we called out the numbers — 3, 9, 6, 8, 5, 2, 7, 1, 10, and 4 — he rattled off the list of objects without making a single mistake.

How did he do it?

"We associate the known with the unknown," he explained. "We associate our memory peg, the known, with the object, the unknown. Let's take 'one-run.' Now we conjure up an absurd picture with lots of motion in it. The sillier the better. Because one is *run* we picture three racehorses *running* on a track. Our number one item was a piano so we picture a piano strapped to the back of each horse. There's our absurd picture in motion: three racehorses running with pianos on their backs."



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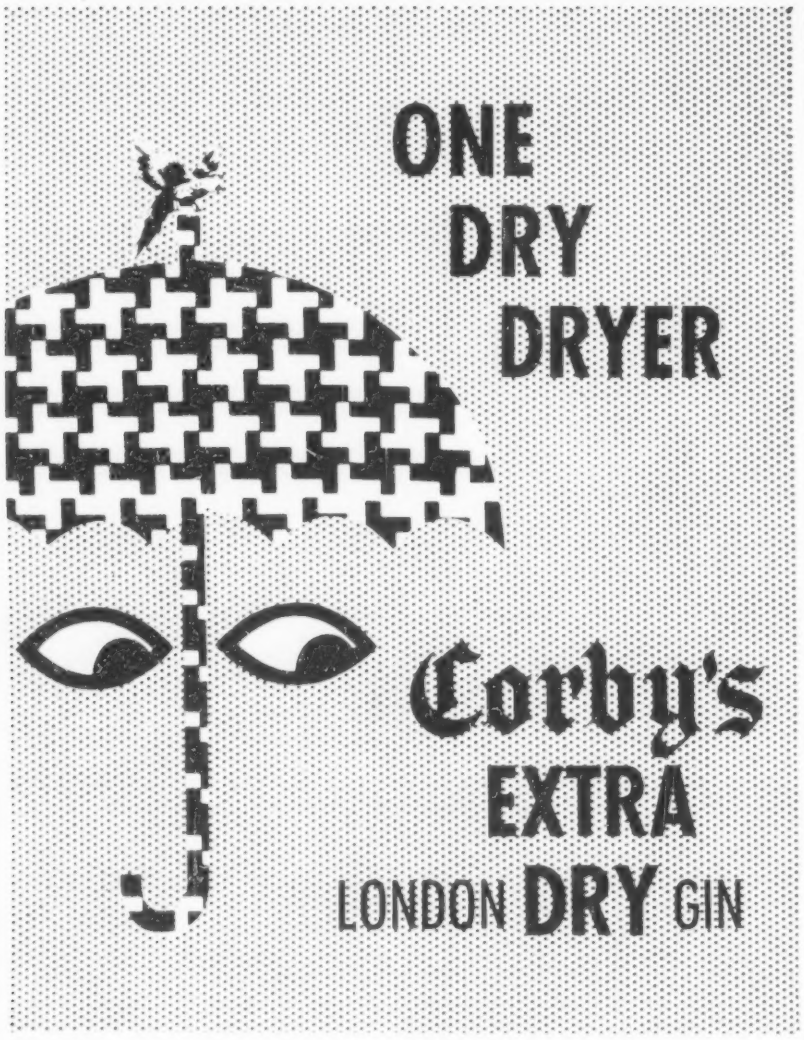
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There is a set picture for each number and the key to remembering it is the memory peg. *Two-zoo:* Monkeys playing in a zoo and throwing the object we wish to remember (in our example, a light fixture). *Five-hive:* A beehive, but instead of bees swarming around it there is a flight of B-29s and each plane is dropping the fifth object on our list, the electric hot plate.

This may seem a rather complex system for remembering, say, a grocery list, but that is one practical use to which Mr. Carnegie suggests it may be put.

Wes took us another step along memory lane by demonstrating how the memory pegs were used to remember the Carnegie Human Relations Rules. Here's how it's done:

Rule One states, "Don't criticize, condemn, or complain." (This, incidentally, gives a pretty fair idea of the Carnegie philosophy.) The memory peg is "one-run" and the picture shows those same three racehorses, only this time each is carrying a big placard bearing the letter C.

Rule Five is simply "Smile." The memory peg is "five-hive" and there's the beehive, disgorging flights of B-29s, and the B-29s are all dropping Cheshire cats and the Cheshire cats are all smiling.

The other rules we learned that night were: Give honest, sincere appreciation. Arouse in the other person an eager want. Become genuinely interested in other people. Remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest and most important sound in any language. Be a good listener. Talk in term's of the other man's interests. Make the other person feel important — and do it sincerely.

We were told to select one of these rules, to jot it down on a white card that had been given us, and to live by it for the next four weeks. Then we'd tell the class how this had changed our lives.

I chose Rule Five — "Smile" — chiefly because I couldn't get those damned Cheshire cats out of my mind.

A QUICK AND EASY WAY TO LEARN TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC

The "priceless secret" of learning to speak in public, says Carnegie, is to "talk about something that you have earned the right to talk about through long study and experience. Talk about something you know and know you know."

The one subject everyone does know is himself, and so the Carnegie student is encouraged to talk about himself at almost every session. In the process, the classroom is converted into a sort of communal couch from which comes one self-revelation after another. This soon creates a strong and sympathetic bond among the members of the class and helps to loosen even the most tightly tied tongue.

The most fascinating story told at this session, however, was not a confession but a tale of original research into the holes in manhole covers and the heels of women's shoes.

"I was walking down Granville Street with my wife one Saturday afternoon," Dave began his story, "when I saw a young woman who had caught the heel of her shoe in a manhole cover. She was a beautiful girl, so naturally I helped her, and I soon had her happily on her way.

"But this set me to wondering: what does the law say about holes in the sidewalk? How big a hole is legal? I checked with the B.C. Safety Council and they sent me to city hall. The man at city hall said the biggest hole legally allowed in a sidewalk is one three quarters of an inch in diameter. I went right down to Hastings Street and began measuring the holes in the manhole covers on the sidewalk. I found that some measured an inch, some even an inch and three quarters."

Dave's search for the truth led him next to a women's shoe store, where the proprietor informed him that the average "on the ground" size of a spiked heel is smaller than a dime.

He then held aloft a woman's shoe to show us the dime he had glued to the bottom of the heel. "You can see," he said, "that this heel is much larger than a dime. Yet, do you know that heel will easily fit into a three-quarter-inch hole in a manhole cover?"

In a ringing conclusion, Dave called on the women present to fight for strict observance of the hole-in-the-street bylaw.

Dave won the class vote for the best speech of the night.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR TALK SPARKLE

This session was devoted to "How to make your talk sparkle," but I remember it best as the night we learned our first Carnegie warm-up. The Duke of York. It went like this:

Seated we all chorus:
There was the Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up the hill,
(all rise)
He marched them down again,
(all sit down)
And when they're up, they're up,
(all rise)
And when they're down, they're down,
(all sit down)
But when they're only halfway up
(all rise slightly off the chair)
They're neither up (rise fully), *nor down,*
(all sit down)

The trick is to repeat this again and again, increasing the tempo each time, until everyone is about ready to collapse in the aisle.

COMING OUT OF YOUR SHELL

This was my Big Night, the night I denounced the fly and won the Dale Carnegie pencil for making the best speech of the session. This, then, is the story of my triumph:

I strode briskly to the front of the room and, as we were instructed to do, stood off to one side and then, with emphatic gestures, recited a Carnegie favorite, "I know men in the ranks."

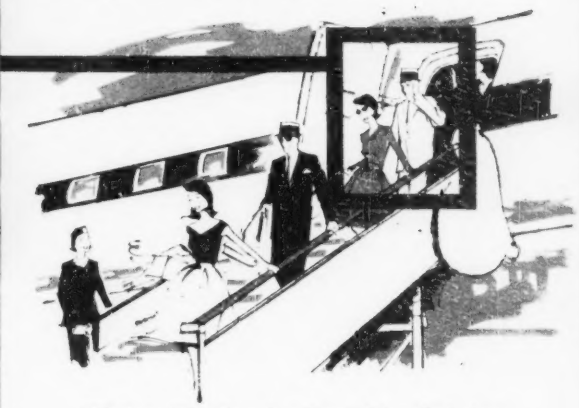
"I know men in the ranks," I declaimed, "who are going to stay in the ranks. Why? I'll tell you why—simply because they haven't the ability to get things done."

(A little Cockney in our class almost drove the instructor to distraction by botching — deliberately, I think — his recital. "I know men in the ranks who are going to get out of the ranks," he began. "No, no, who are going to *stay* in the ranks!" the instructor corrected him. He began again: "I know men in the ranks who are going to stay in the ranks. Why? I'll tell you why — simply because they have the ability to get things done." "No, no, because they *haven't*—have *not*—the ability to get things done," the instructor screamed.)

I did my "men in the ranks" with fervor and then stepped quickly to a small table set at front, centre, accepted a club made of tightly rolled newspapers from our instructor, and launched into my one-minute impromptu talk on "anything that makes you excited and angry." I spoke ill of the fly, the common house fly.



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**Photographed near the Emerald Buddha Temple in Bangkok. This 'Bhikku' or priest, has purchased a sparrow from a street-seller. The bird is then released as an act of merit, expressing the Buddhist belief that all things should be free.*

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"I hate the fly!" I cried, and pounded the table with my club.

Three of my classmates, seated directly in front of me, began to boo, jeer, and try to shout me down, as they were supposed to do.

"I despise the fly!" I yelled and I struck the table another crashing blow.

"The fly is dirty! Filthy! Despicable!" I shouted, my voice rising to an almost hysterical pitch, and the table shuddered under three more mighty blows.

"Friends," I said, "you have all heard the song about the old lady who swallowed a fly and perhaps she'll die. Well, I am here tonight to tell you she *did* die."

"The fly is a murderer! A killer!" my denunciation rang out. (Boos, jeers, and catcalls from the three hecklers.)

"In conclusion, my friends," I shouted, "I say, 'Fie on the fly!' " I said it with such force I blew my lower plate halfway out of my mouth but, as though it were attached to an elastic band, it snapped back in again.

There was, if I may say so, a tremendous burst of applause as I sat down and, in the midst of it, a woman leaned over and said, "If you'd stick a piece of adhesive tape on the inside of your plate it wouldn't pop out like that."

HOW TO SPEAK CONVINCINGLY

Two at a time we stood at the front of the class and spoke for twenty seconds, simultaneously and as loud as we could, on *different* subjects. While I was exhorting the class to work for the banning of the hydrogen bomb, my partner was vigorously denouncing the British Columbia liquor laws. This was supposed to develop force and spontaneity in our speaking.

We learned a new warm-up, "Mary had a little lamb." We recited this children's verse first in a whisper, then while pretending to cry, and then in anger, and, finally, we acted it out in pantomime. My performance was voted one of the best, but I lost in a runoff to a department-store appliance salesman, a big and rugged man who made a wonderfully amusing picture as he cried his way through the nursery rhyme.

HOW TO MAKE THE MAGIC OF ENTHUSIASM WORK FOR YOU

Wes had ended the last session by teaching us to chant, "Act enthusiastic and you'll be enthusiastic! Be enthusiastic and you'll act enthusiastic!" and exhorting us to use "five times your usual amount of enthusiasm at home, at work, everywhere, and then tell us, at Session Eight, what the magic of enthusiasm did for you."

This is what it did for some of the enthusiasts:

Harry, a prison social worker, said, "I've always acted five times as enthusiastically as most people and so now I've been acting *ten* times as enthusiastically. Boy, does it work wonders! It snowballs!" He had so enthused two of the prison's most neurotic inmates that the change in *their* attitude amazed the staff psychiatrist. He told us about an outstanding social worker who had persistently declined offers to join the prison staff because the proposed salary was not satisfactory. "Our director asked me to talk with him," said Harry. "Boy, did I make him enthusiastic! He's joining our staff at $100 a month less than he makes now."

Reg, the appliance salesman, told us he had not made one sale in three weeks until the morning he exploded in a burst of enthusiasm and then he sold a $400 deepfreeze and three refrigerators, two of them to one woman.

Joan, a housewife, said, "I thought I had a health problem until I began to act enthusiastically. Now I'm off my thyroid pills, I can get up in the morning, I don't need my afternoon nap, and my home life has suddenly become very happy."

"My wife is a bear to get up in the morning," said Bill, a dermatologist. "Even the thought of it sends her to bed grouchy. Of course she never does get up in the morning. I get up, change the baby, and make my own breakfast, and when I phone her at noon she's still in bed. Well, friends, my enthusiasm is contagious. This morning, believe it or not, she did get up and had a cup of coffee with me, before she went back to bed."

HOW TO REMEMBER NAMES

I become so bogged down in the complexities of the Carnegie system for remembering a man's name (example: "Warlawski—Dress Mr. Warlawski in a uniform. Under his arm he has a law book and he is wearing one ski—war-law-ski") that I resolved to call Mr. Warlawski "Joe."





Woman Relieved of Agonizing ITCH



"I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I found a new wonder-working creme. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. P. Ramsay of L.A. Calif. Here's blessed relief from torture of agonizing itch in women, chafing, hemorrhoids, rash and eczema with an amazing new scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists.

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We learned how to remember some more Human Relations Rules and the one I liked was Rule Twenty, "Dramatize your ideas." The memory peg is twenty-plenty and the picture: "We see a huge cornucopia—a horn of plenty. It is dark inside. A little girl wanders into it and her grandmother comes seeking her. The little girl cries, 'Drama, tize in here.'"

HOW TO CONQUER FEAR AND WORRY

No lectures are given on how to conquer worry during the Carnegie course; the student is expected to study The Worry Book, apply its rules and obey its strictures, and then tell the class of the results achieved. In some instances, these were remarkable.

Take the case of Peter, a forty-year-old office worker. He began the course an overwrought and extremely nervous man, lacking even a shred of self-confidence. By Session Ten, he had been transformed into a ball of fire, seething with enthusiasm and brimming with confidence. This is his story as he told it to us:

"I used to worry about everything. The tragedies in my life made me a worrier. I had headaches. I was ill. I took pills. At work they used to look upon me as the man who always muddled through. 'Poor old Peter.' My merit rating always said the same thing: 'Lacks confidence.' Life really was so miserable it was hardly worth living.

"How grateful I am to Dale Carnegie. Now, even if I tried, I couldn't worry. I'm no longer sick. I no longer take pills. At work I hold them in suspense, in the palm of my hand, as I tell them about this wonderful course. They look up to me. I'm a happy man. I've found a new way of life. I love you, my audience, because you are the first audience I ever had."

We elected Peter a graduate assistant.

CRASHING THROUGH

This was the night the inhibitions really bit the dust. For instance, each of us took both parts in acting out this brief sketch:

Scene is a saloon just after closing time. A little girl is swinging on the saloon doors and a bartender is mopping the floor.

Bartender (gruffly): Get off those swinging doors!

Child (sweetly): I'm waiting for my Pappa.

Bartender: There's no one here but that drunken sailor.

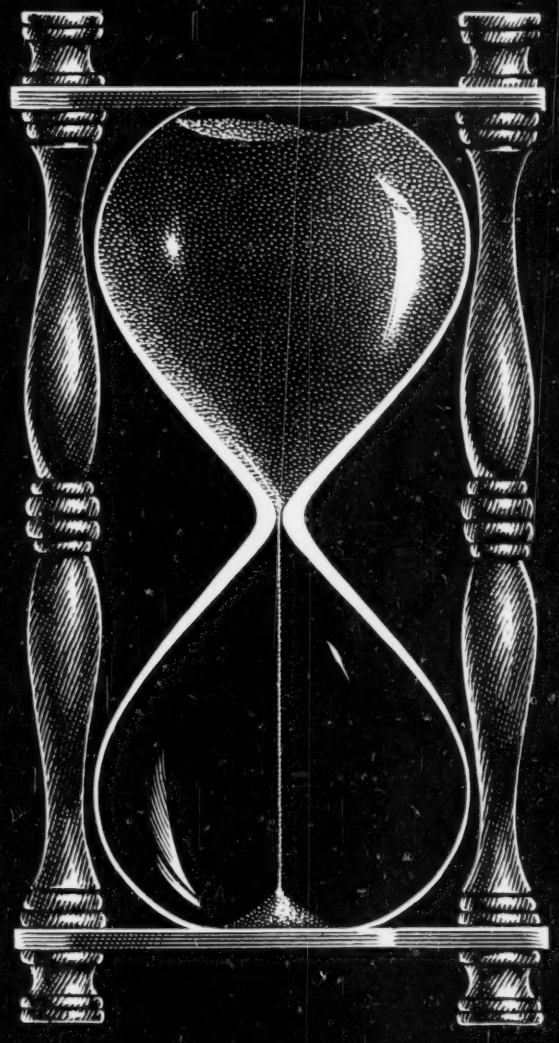
Child: That's my Pappa.

This and several similar exercises (I had to kneel before a woman and tell her, "I could just squeeze you to death") were supposed to help us overcome "that great enemy of effective speaking — self-consciousness."

I can think of nothing memorable about Sessions Twelve and Thirteen except, perhaps, Harry and his accordion. Harry had always wanted to play the accordion but he'd never done anything about it, he told us. "Then one day, on the bus, I did what we are supposed to do: I engaged another passenger in conversation, and, what do you know, he sold me a course on how to play the accordion." Harry played us a few notes on the accordion and sat down amid thunderous applause.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS

We were addressed at the beginning of this session by a man who took the Carnegie course from the Master himself — Mr. Wall Angus, of Victoria, who



one of a series of messages designed to remind Canadians of important economic facts

take 3 minutes

for an important unpleasant thought

What happens if you don't live to retire?

You've started making plans for your retirement. Perhaps you're counting on some market investment to provide part of your retirement income. What happens if you don't live to retire?

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With life insurance, what happens if you don't live to retire? Your family has a guaranteed source of funds—regardless of market conditions. And if you do live to retire, cash values can provide a retirement income you can't outlive—regardless of market fluctuations.

Be sure you own *enough* permanent life insurance . . . then add other forms of investment. How much is enough? Only you can decide, with the help of a man trained and experienced in family protection and retirement planning. The Man with the Plan is your Confederation Life representative. See him . . . *soon!*

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holds the Carnegie franchise for Western Canada. Angus is a short, rather stocky man, neatly dressed and serious.

"Congratulations on having had the vision and courage to take this course," he said. "I venture to say there are thousands who need this type of adult education and yet it is left to this small group to do something about it. It does take courage and conviction."

At another point he said, "Dale Carnegie said it is Christ-like work and I believe it is."

Several weeks later I interviewed Angus and I asked him why he believed Carnegie's work was Christ-like.

"That's what Dale always used to say," he replied. "Christ's mission was helping people, and Dale always felt his course was comparable to the work of Christ in that it helped people."

After Angus had spoken to us, we each gave a two-minute talk on how we had used one of the Carnegie rules for winning friends and influencing people since we had first studied them.

By far the most enthusiastic report was given by Hunter, a young underwriter of machinery insurance who had applied Rule Eight, "Talk in terms of the other man's interests."

"By using this rule," he said, "I made a tremendous deal for my firm, one we'd been trying to make, without success, for many years. That rule is now deep inside of me. What this course is doing for me is fantastic. It's miraculous. I can't believe it myself."

From then on, we were to follow Hunter as he went from triumph to triumph in the machinery insurance business. He had become the most popular and successful member of the class: he won three speaking awards, and was elected a graduate assistant and class president.

Our Cockney had also scored a triumph by using one of the human relations rules.

"I had a row with a man at work, a fat slob," he told us. "When I got home and had my tea, I began to think of my rule—I don't remember which one—and so I went to his home and apologized."

Wes, our instructor, was delighted. "You made a friend! You made a friend," he exclaimed.

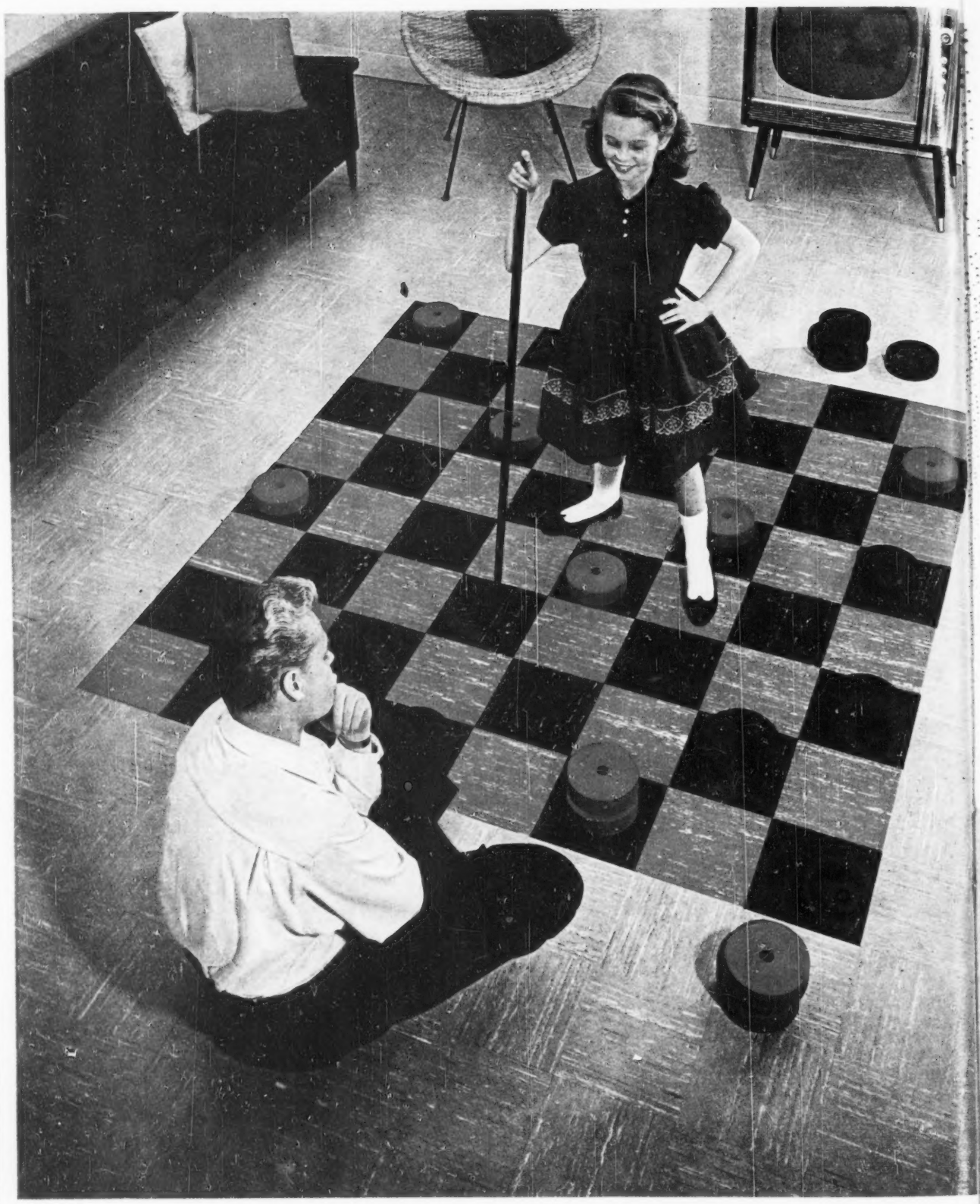
"Yes, I did," said the Cockney, "but I hate him!" ★

PARADE

The natives were friendly

A treat in store for visitors to the Netherlands this summer is a trip to the fishing village of Volendam, whose inhabitants still wear quaint and ancient costumes. What's more, there are several photo studios where visitors may don the costumes themselves to be photographed. A young Canadian priest vacationing over there last season thought that donning the local costumes over his habit would be a bit ridiculous, though, so he contented himself with photographing the local folk he found passing in the street. He spied one charming couple with three little children, all in full regalia, and gestured to ask if he might take their picture. They obliged, all smiles, and bowing his thanks he enunciated the careful explanation, "I — am a — Canadian." The father of the children looked him right in the eye and declared, "We — are — Canadians — too. The photo studio let us wear the costumes outside to shoot some movies."

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The floor tiles in this room are easy to keep clean because they require little waxing and resist staining at all times. These inexpensive, marbleized BP Vinyl-Asbestos Flortiles are available in 29 shades. Building Products Limited make other Vinyl-Asbestos patterns as well, such as Terrazzo Style in 14 colours, 8 new Goldtones and even lower-cost Asphalt Flortiles in 23 shades. The Random Perforated Acoustical ceiling tiles you see here, reduce noise as well as decorate. You can also buy new Fissur-Perf acoustical ceiling tiles with a two-toned fissured effect. Both have an exclusive tongue-and-groove "speedjoint" which ensures perfect fit and conceals nailing. All tiles made by Building Products Limited are very easy for you to install, and will complement the furnishings in your home.



Enter the platypus, on aching feet

Continued from page 19

up with a square-toed shoe and it now looks as if the Frenchmen will sweep pointed-toed shoes off Canadian streets within the next six months.

They won't be able to do it without help from many other birds in the fashion jungle. They can design a new shoe but someone else has to pick up the trail from them. Vivier put square-toes into Dior's fall collection three years ago and they didn't get more than a precious glance from Vogue magazine, which said, "It's touches we like, not just sable by the furlong. And this year at Dior, in the touches department, it was the shoes we loved . . . shoes with perverse, delightful, little squared-off points. . . . We show them here as one of the Paris details that may make fashion history."

Three years later, a combination of events has swung favor to Vivier's square-toed design. In the first place one fashion has to become dull or bizarre — even to the acclimatized eye of the viewer — before another one can replace it. Pointed-toed shoes and stiletto heels became so spindly and extreme in England that women had to develop the knack of walking up stairs sideways, like a crab, so their pointed toes wouldn't spear the back of the stairs as they climbed up them.

In the second place many fashion pundits felt that Marc Bohan, Dior's novitiate clothes designer, didn't come up with enough in last February's collection that was startling and new for them to write about. Vivier was still presenting his three-year-old shoes — hardly a fashion "first" in itself. But coupled with the rumor that Parisians were lining up to buy Jourdan's square-toes, the new shape was a shoo-in. The platypus became the "hottest fashion news" in Europe. Within days of the Dior showing, almost every newspaper in North America carried some kind of story about the Paris sensation and three short weeks afterward news magazines completed the coup by featuring the platypus as the heir apparent to the pointed toe.

In Canada, at least, manufacturers and retailers are cowed by the news. Even before the manufacturers could figure out whether they could afford to gamble hundreds of thousands of dollars on new lasts, women were in stores asking if they could see a platypus. Retailers wondered if their entire spring and summer stock of pointed-toed shoes had been made obsolete overnight. Don Young, son of Harry Young, a retailer of fashionable women's shoes in Toronto, said, "How are we going to know if women will drop the pointed-toe and buy the square-toe? Retailers can keep a count of how many women have been asking for the shoe, but it won't tell us much. In a city this size, there will always be at least a hundred women who want to be first to wear a new fashion. If each of them asks for

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One Montreal shoe manufacturer admits that he sells fashion, not footwear: "I fit heads, not feet"

the shoe at ten different stores, we can be deceived into thinking that a thousand Toronto women want it. A thousand women can start a trend. A hundred can't."

But the manufacturers, to stay in the fashion business, can't ignore a shoe that has been trumpeted around the world. Toward the end of March each Montreal manufacturer had at least two versions of the platypus ready for retailers to buy. Harry Markus, the stylist for Best Ever Footwear, tested samples of the shoe in seven stores across the country, choosing the shops where the most fashion-conscious women buy their shoes. One retailer reported back to Markus, "Style B, your more extreme square-toe, is selling better than Style A, but I think A will do better in the long run. Style B is being bought by women who'll buy anything if it's new."

If women are responsible for setting the styles (and one Montreal shoe manufacturer candidly admitted that he sold fashion, not footwear — "I fit heads, not feet") blame must fall on the small segment of Canada's female population who'll buy Style B.

Fashion is to some extent the art of distortion. A clever drape of material can annihilate human hips and a hidden seam can overemphasize a bosom. The more absurd the distortion, the more successful the result. But only in women's footwear does fashion deliberately try to distort the shape by deforming the body. The Canadian woman deforms herself as severely as the Padaung woman of Burma, who dangerously weakens her windpipe and esophagus by forcing ring after metal ring around her neck. Only when she has succeeded in putting on the full fashion quota is she content.

To get the same warm satisfaction, her Canadian sister wears two-, three- and four-inch spikes of wood or aluminum under her heels. One doctor who made a study of the effects of fashion on bodily deformities had this to say about women's shoes: They pitch her torso forward and she would collapse if she didn't force herself back on her haunches. The effort produces pain along the spinal column — directly below the waistline, around the shoulders and even up into the head. Circulation in the deep blood vessels supplying the stomach and legs becomes impeded and although the chief reason for wearing the spike is to synthetically slenderize the leg, ankle and foot, the sluggish circulation makes the foot and ankle puffy.

The human foot uses three contact points to lift itself off the ground — the heel, the ball of the foot, and the great toe. A woman wearing any kind of pump — a shallow shoe gripped on by the heel and toe — partly or totally neutralizes the first and third contact points. The ball of the foot picks up the workload normally distributed through the three points.

If a 112-pound housewife wears high-heeled pumps throughout her work day, she's asking the ball of her foot to pick up and put down more than eight hundred tons of body weight. If the ball of the foot is forced into doing this work interminably, the pressure combined with the chafing between shoe and foot can produce a bunion around the first metatarsal joint, and calluses in the flesh of the ball; the toes, pushed forward against the front of the shoe, will develop corns or try to escape the irritating contact by curling up into hammertoes. Few women will be afflicted with all these deformities, but anyone who wears high heels continually will pay for it.

How, then, can women wear these miniature torture chambers day after day, year after year, and say they have no trouble — even pretend that they are comfortable?

Rayfield Aronow, a Los Angeles podiatrist, believes women have been conditioned to deceive themselves. His theory is that if a woman kicks off her shoes at the first civilized opportunity — whether it's in a darkened theatre or the minute she steps into her home — she is getting a clue that she may be torturing herself physically and mentally without realizing it.

"Women, of course, suffer more with their feet by reason of the additional aggravation from their high heels and more highly styled, tighter shoes," Aronow wrote in the journal of the American Podiatry Association last September. "[But] ultimately, the persistent discomfort will be subverted from the stream of consciousness, though not without toll. It is for this reason women can usually insist that their tight shoes do not bother them. So far as they are aware, it is true."

In 1958 Canadian women bought —



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SUPPLIERS TO THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

and kicked off — eleven million pairs of high-fashion pumps, paying about a hundred and fifty million dollars for the privilege. The pointed-toe, stiletto-heel shoe had been on the market for two years and every woman worth her fashion spice had at least two pairs. Nowhere else in the world was this shoe so rapidly accepted and so badly misinterpreted as in Canada. The pointed-toe was originally meant as a dress shoe, but Canadian women walked it through supermarkets, worked it nine-to-five, broke its emaciated heels as frequently as twice a month and willingly paid three dollars each time they had to have them replaced.

Manufacturers were astounded. They had timidly brought out the pointed-toe shoe a full season ahead of most of their American counterparts, and once Quebec women saw it, they wouldn't buy anything else. Ontario women had the same reaction. The shoe had skipped to Vancouver, returned through the prairies and had made inroads into the Maritimes before American women saw it "introduced" in Life magazine in 1957. Life said, "this shoe ends in the sharpest possible point."

It didn't. The first version of the pointed-toe was called the "taper." Rumors hissed of an even narrower toe. Manufacturers changed lasts and came up with the "single needle" toe. There was more talk and manufacturers changed lasts again and made a "double needle" or "pin" toe.

"I thought I was going to have to change my lasts as often as I change my shirts," L. A. Denenberg, a partner in the Montreal shoemaking firm of Denny Stewart, remembers. It wasn't over yet. Toward the end of last year, the market was satiated with the "triple needle" toe.

Any woman who has a pair of these shoes can prove to herself how poorly they fit if she places her bare foot firmly on a piece of paper, traces an outline of the foot, and places her shoe on top of the outline. The outline will always overlap the shoe. If it didn't, the foot couldn't keep the shoe on.

Within the limited confines of fashion, Canadian manufacturers have done everything they can to make that shoe fit. Women can buy shoes in nine widths and twenty sizes, and the pointed-toes were made sufficiently wide to accommodate the toes in the widest part of the shoe. Not enough women knew where their toes were supposed to stop, and too many shoe clerks didn't either.

Happily, some of the foot problems women could have incurred wearing the stiletto heel were abated when manufacturers brought out the "illusion" heel, three quarters the height of the stiletto but just as slender. Whether fashion will ever allow women to come completely down to earth is debatable.

High heels and their concurrent evils have become so ingrained into our thinking and our hardwood floors that even people who deplore them most accept them without thinking.

A widely circulated booklet on shoes and foot health, which rampages through the list of deformities high heels inflict, closes with a picture of a slender, healthy, confident family — a young lad is holding his father's hand, a younger girl is holding her mother's hand, and the father and mother are holding hands, as they all walk smilingly into the future. Boy, girl and father are wearing oxfords; mother is tottering along in high heels. ★

PARADE

Porcupine's revenge

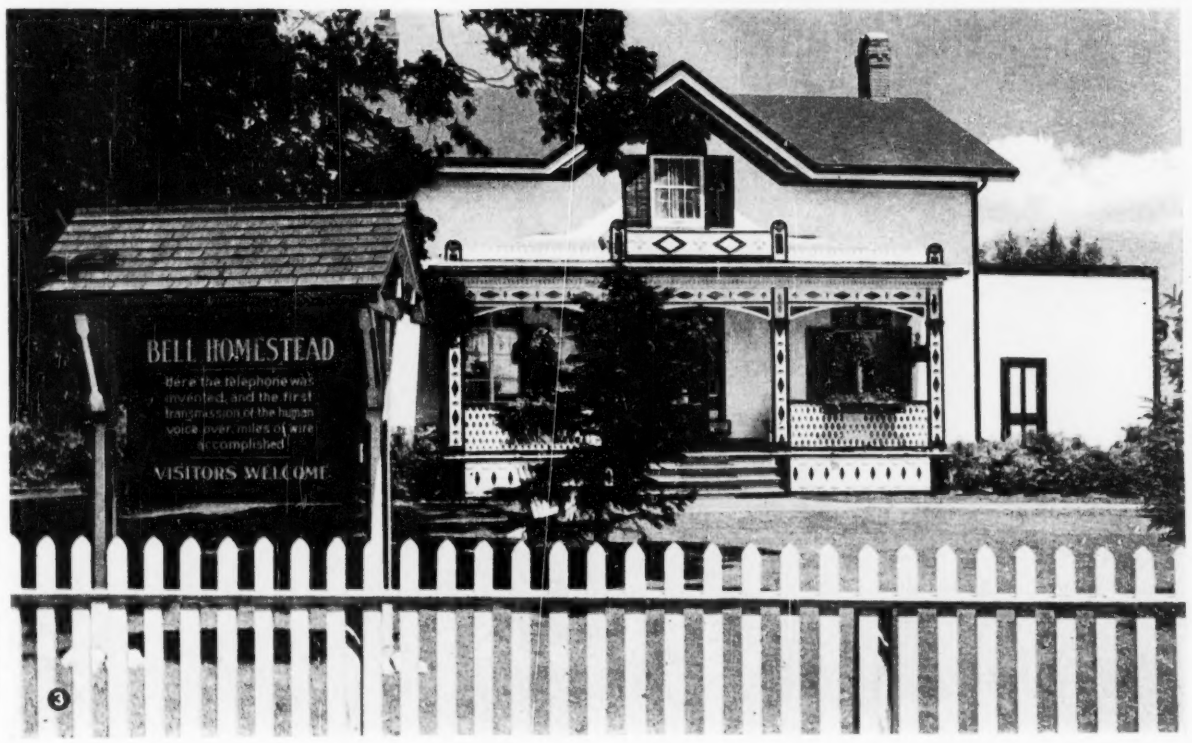
An old-timer in Muskoka swears this is the truth, and we pass it on as a timely warning to city dwellers once again bravely setting off for northern cottages. *This* cottager had settled in and was entertaining his first group of weekend guests around a campfire by the shore when he discovered a porcupine rattling around in a nearby tree. Announcing he was going to rid himself of a pest that had eaten a dozen holes in his cottage, he left the convivial fireside, obtained a small revolver and scrambled up after the beast. Climbing within range of porky, he stood on one branch, hung on firmly to a branch overhead with his left hand, aimed with his right and fired. It was a dead shot. He winged his own left hand, killed the porcupine, tumbled after the enemy to the ground and landed square on top of it. The hunter ended up in hospital for repairs to his hand, three broken ribs, and a badly punctured seat.



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Pictured above are three points of interest in this Canada of ours. **1.** Road marker in Glacier National Park, Alta. tells visitors location of Great Divide. **2.** Natives of Alma, N.B. call this covered bridge the longest in the world. **3.** Call on the Bell Homestead in Brantford, Ont. where Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone.



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In this corner, Sir Sam Hughes continued from page 5

"I am loved by my friends," Hughes wrote, "and feared but not despised by my opponents"

[illegible] "has a wise mild appearance." But he added: "He is absolutely vain and pretentious, a man of no depth or foresight. Indeed he would have made a most ridiculous main floor-walker for some large establishment such as Eaton's but he has no political capacity. The government of Montreal will positively not have anything to do with him. . . . He is despised by the big men there."

As for the other new favorite, "Perley is solid, tyrannical and very egotistic." In a moment Hughes returned to the despised Ames, the orange banners flying. "He is from Quebec. He fought us on the autonomy bills as under the control of the ecclesiastics of Rome. . . . The Orange Order with its tens and hundreds of thousands of friends, will not put up with this sort of thing."

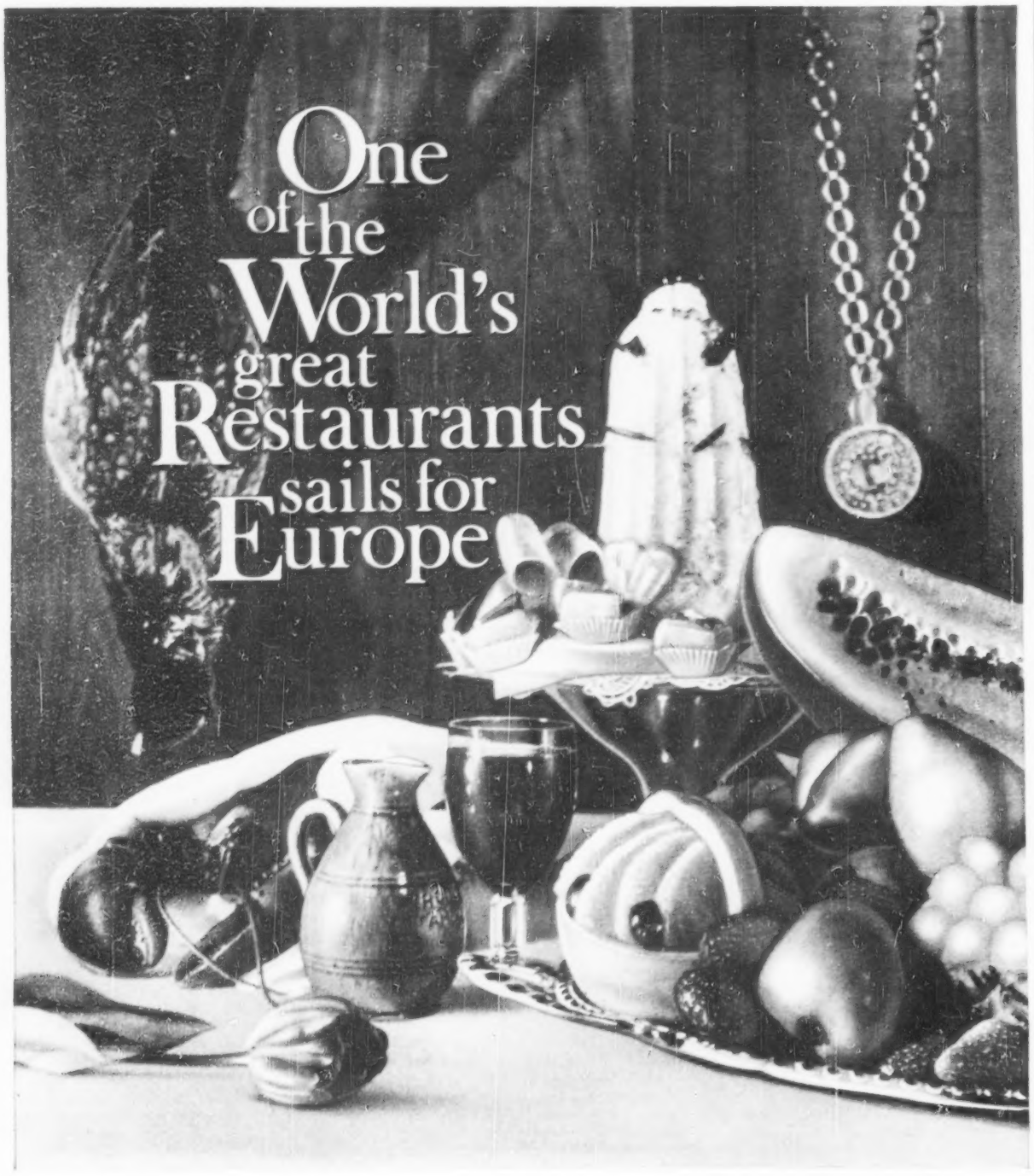
Faced with such monstrous buffetings Sam changed, almost between sentence and sentence, from stoic imperviousness to black despair. "As you know, my strength is that I am powerful where I am longest and best known. I am loved by my friends, and feared but not despised by my opponents. These fellows are despised by both sides. . . . In my own case these d—d noodles, with one or two other nonentities, have for years whispered privately to suppress me. I have dozens of examples where these fellows over and over again prejudiced me by a word, a shrug of the shoulder, a grin or a direct condemnation."

Hughes' remarkable outcry, much more remarkable because it was utterly uninhibited by any official or semi-official purpose, ended thus: "Personally I want no recognition. I fought almost single-handed for Borden last year and completely overthrew the conspiracy, yet my reward was to be put under the very men primarily responsible for the trouble. They were promoted leaders. It will not do. I incurred more enmity over that than over anything I ever did, and yet see my reward. As you know, I was never surpassed in organization yet or in getting work out of the fellows whether they were orange or green, but I would not care to give my time any longer towards organizing the whole country. That day has gone by. But a man likes to be trusted."

This letter was written in March 1911, six months before the Conservatives' election victory. It produced no result, of course, but by the winter of the following year Hughes had a new avenue of appeal for public recognition. The stately, soldierly and stuffy Duke of Connaught — third son of Queen Victoria — was now installed as governor-general. Hughes, again overlooking the niceties of rank and procedure, wrote to him personally. On this occasion he discussed himself in the third person. In the now ancient South African campaign participated in by the third-person Hughes, the governor-general was told, "there were very many pretty 'scraps' and some pretty heavy fighting." He went on to localize these engagements. "In each and every one," he said, "it fell to the lot of Hughes to direct the British forces, and in each and every instance victory fell to their lot, although the numbers and positions were invariably in favor of the Boers."

He told Connaught of his two missing Victoria Crosses. His decision to leave the South African front, he went on, had been entirely his own; made on the advice of his commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts, that the war was as good as ended and in the conviction that Hughes would be needed back in Canada during a forthcoming election campaign.

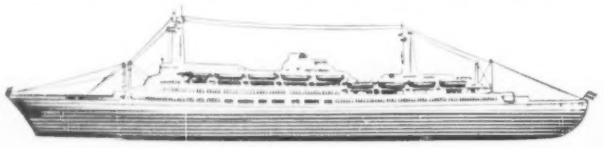
"General Warren," Hughes wrote the Duke of Connaught, "begged and implored Hughes to remain. He assured Hughes that he had no officer left on whom he could rely. On the night of June 25, sobbing like a child, General Warren went over the same story, and again begged Hughes to remain, but the return fever had seized him, so he insisted on going." Hughes recollected his ancient feud with the now long vanished General Hutton, whom he called "a madman." He demanded that Connaught,



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having been informed of all these matters, should now arrange that he, Sam Hughes, receive the "recognition" still owing to him because of his record in South Africa.

Connaught was almost stunned, partly by the nature of Hughes' communication and partly by its mere submission. He had, without doubt, been warned to look out for this strange, untrained and ignorant member of parliament and militia colonel, but he had not expected to hear from him with so little ceremony. If Hughes had been a genuine officer or a genuine gentleman Connaught would have disposed of him as easily as he'd have stared down an erring footman. But Sam was only a part-time officer and he made no pretense to being a gentleman; when Connaught fired a whiff of regal grape across his granite prow, he not only failed to cower — he almost failed to notice. Connaught urged him sternly to remember that he had long ago promised to bury the hatchet over the Hutton affair. Hughes urged Connaught just as sternly to get him justice — "justice meaning full recognition by Imperial authorities of all my South African services, my many times being named in dispatches, the gratuity and any honors given to any Canadian." Connaught's ultimate reply was to scribble an angry note to Borden suggesting he get rid of Hughes for good.

But the remarkable Colonel Hughes, now installed as militia minister, was already beyond the reach of viceroys and barely within the reach of premiers. Borden was scared stiff of him — and so remained for five years — and was also impressed by his performance.

Hughes threw himself into his job at the comatose Department of Militia with high heart and high energy. He went to work at once on new armories, on a master plan of military training under which all male citizens would be trained for combat by the age of twelve. In five years it was his aim to have "some hundreds of thousands of our youths trained to shoot and march." As his plan took shape he was able to condense it to a sentence: "Give me one million men who can hit a target at five hundred yards and we would not have a foe who could invade our country."

In most quarters he was heard attentively and politely. The cynical Henri Bourassa, the great nationalist leader of Quebec, was a conspicuous dissident. Bourassa's paper, Le Devoir, interpreted Hughes' military blueprint even more briefly than Sam had done, although in a different way: "He has invited twenty-five thousand schoolboys to go and make exercises in the fields and learn to become debauchees and play the fool at the expense of the state. He has drawn a map of the country as a vast field for manœuvres where he proposes to enroll the nation and teach them, democratically, the art of shooting human game at a convenient distance."

The real dawn of Hughes' career came in August 1914. Borden had officially volunteered military help to the British government two days before World War I began. Two days afterward, on August 6, he was informed: "His Majesty's government gratefully accept your offer to send expeditionary force to this country and would be glad if it could be dispatched as soon as possible."

No such force was ready or in sight. But if Canada as a nation was not well prepared for the onrush of history there was one Canadian who was more than ready. This was Colonel Sam Hughes. Hughes had been at his desk in Ottawa throughout the mysterious, ill-comprehended days before the mysterious ill-comprehended decision that there must be a war. If there was going to be a war he

PARADE

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in an extra sweater and a flowing wool scarf, until one day he turned up back at work after lunch, beaming. Not only was he wearing his topcoat, which he'd found hanging in the restaurant where he happened to eat — he was carrying the light fall coat he'd lost six months before and which he'd found hanging right beside the other one.

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at least was set for it, spiritually and psychologically. Indeed, as late as August 3, the martial spirit of Sir Edward Grey and Herbert Asquith was far too tame for his liking.

On the morning of that fateful day, Hughes' military secretary, who was later to become his biographer, found Colonel Sam pondering his morning paper with growing distaste. Although Germany and Austria were already at war with France, Russia and Serbia, Britain's course still lay before parliament. Suddenly, according to his secretary, "Colonel Hughes rose from his desk, banged the paper with his fist and said: 'They are going to skunk it. England is going to skunk it. Morley and Burns have resigned from the cabinet as a protest against participation in the war, and they seem to be looking for an excuse to get out of helping France. Oh! What a shameful state of things! By G-d, I don't want to be a Britisher under such conditions; to think that they would want to go back on France!' "

Then Hughes, by now thoroughly worked up, ordered the Union Jack lowered from its masthead above his headquarters. And down it came and remained down for fully an hour before the minister of militia was persuaded by cooler heads that the honor of the Empire was not, in truth, in jeopardy. A day later his fears were fully at rest and Hughes was fully embarked on the job of raising, equipping and sending into battle one of the finest groups of fighting men of its size in modern history.

On the surface he had not much to build on. In his three years of office, Colonel Sam had been able to enlarge the military budget from seven million dollars to only eleven millions. Besides his regular army of three thousand, the militia had a paper strength of seventy-five thousand, but by no means all of these took part in the brief annual course of training, which consisted mainly of two weeks of foot and rifle drill, field skirmishes, physical training and community singing. (The teetotalling Hughes had imposed an absolute ban on wet canteens in the militia camps.)

Field Marshal Sir John French had inspected the Canadian militia a few years earlier and reported that it was "only a large collection of troops without any organization." A German general had said it could be completely ignored insofar as any effect it might have on any war in Europe. A Canadian officer, Colonel Hamilton Merritt, credited his country with "perhaps the most expensive and ineffective military system of any civilized community in the world."

Hughes set out to correct these conditions with the erratic energy that he soon made his trademark and finally left as his monument. The country had about two million men of military age to draw on. The terms of service in the army were compatible with the general standards of the time. Pay ranged from a dollar a day for privates to twenty dollars a day for major-generals. A private who came back from the war totally disabled could expect a pension of twelve dollars and fifty cents a month. One who left a widow would leave her thirty cents a day, plus a dime for each of the first two children only. If, after his enlistment, his father or mother or wife wanted him discharged and could give a good reason, any soldier could be bought back into civilian life for fifteen dollars or less.

Sam Hughes, seeing in the profile of his country a strong trace of his own granite, true-blue cast of jaw, rightly estimated that the immediate problem was not how to raise recruits but what to do with them. He wired his two hundred militia units instructing them to recruit to war strength. But, he said emphatically again and again, only volunteers would be accepted now, and only volunteers would be accepted in the future.

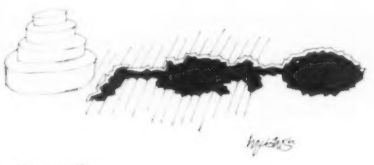
Borden had asked for a first contingent of twenty thousand. As a place in which to assemble, house, partly train and sort out so considerable and — for Canada — so unprecedented a community Hughes selected the valley of the Jacques Cartier River near Quebec City. There, amid Plantagenet swirlings and clankings, among oceans of dust, mud, oaths of humans, groans of horses, and the creaking of wagon wheels and harness, he built a great tented camp almost overnight.

Valcartier was one of Sam Hughes' authentic triumphs. Out of its pastoral slopes and fields he created, in the late August and early September of 1914, four miles of bell tents, a maze of rope corrals and canvas mangers, and an artillery range the size of the townsite of Montreal. As its first settlers began converging on it in response to the first calls for volunteers, he treated the growing settlement as a personal empire.

Its management, he told Borden shortly afterward in a private memorandum, compelled him to deal with "thousands upon thousands of cranks, contractors, grafters, self-seekers and interlopers, as well as with thousands of decent men." But neither then nor in the more complex future awaiting him did Hughes' willingness to cope singlehanded with these problems waver in the least degree. On more than one occasion he hinted that he personally would lead the first contingent







MACLEAN'S

overseas and command it in battle, since there was no one so well qualified. He made frequent tours of inspection at Valcartier, sometimes augmenting his weekday colonel's uniform with a sword and a feathered hat. Occasionally he appeared on horseback.

He took a special delight in handing out promotions on the ground. "A fine unit you have here, major," he would say. "Pardon me, sir," an embarrassed officer would say, "I'm only a captain." "You're a major now," Hughes would announce, moving grandly down the parade lines or tent rows.

Although it was of undoubted advantage to the country and to the government to have so vigorous and forthright a man in command of the war effort, there were also some serious disadvantages. On the relatively small stage of the Boer War and during its long but narrow epilogue, Hughes had aroused the choler of none but men of eminence — two governors-general, a British war minister, three or four British generals. But now he began to antagonize people of no greater stature than his own and this, in time, proved more serious.

"Gentle-hearted as a girl"

The Anglican bishop of Montreal came to see him, complaining that there weren't enough Anglican chaplains to serve the first overseas contingent. Hughes used so many swear words in rebuttal that the bishop was moved to complain in writing to the prime minister. The secretary of the Toronto Humane Society visited Hughes to complain about the mistreatment of military horses. Hughes at first called him a liar, then amended it to a damned liar, and, according to the official objection of the distraught friend of animals, "finally pushed me out of the room."

Hughes had already made an assessment of Borden that was to stand him in good stead for some five years. Shortly after taking office he had written a friend: "Mr. Borden is gentle-hearted as a girl." After the war began, his attitude toward the prime minister ranged from obsequiousness to outright bullying. A journalist of the day summed up their relations like this: "The trouble between Sir Sam and the prime minister is that the prime minister has never been able to lassoo him and keep him lassooed. Sir Sam is a bronco of broncos and will ever be." The gentle and gentlemanly Borden's acquiescence in Hughes' conduct is not easy to understand over the distance of the years. But the vast if somewhat awkward drive with which Sam had raised the first contingent, assembled it at Valcartier, and got it to the front had commanded the prime minister's genuine respect. And there is also no doubt that Borden was afraid of him — not because Sam knew of any hidden bodies but just because Borden had a quiet and peaceable nature and to avoid a public collision with the unquiet and unpeaceable minister of militia meant a good deal to him, personally as well as politically.

In Hughes' two years as a wartime minister he picked on Borden outrageously and sometimes deceived him. Once Borden, who customarily detached himself from the troublesome business of procurement, ventured to question an order of Hughes' to fit out a Canadian brigade with kilts. Hughes was on one of his numerous trips abroad and Borden cabled him timidly: "We decided last winter against large additional expense necessary for kilts." Hughes, sternly cabled him back: "You are entirely in error regarding kilts. They are less than half the cost of trousers. One kilt out-

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Regular army officers, he said, were barroom loafers; one of them called him an objectionable cad

wears four to six pair trousers.'" When the prime minister wondered whether an unsuccessful contractor might not have been given more consideration Sam dismissed the man as "an ordinary, Yankee, boozing agitator." Hughes, who quickly arranged his own promotion from colonel to major-general to lieutenant-general and also acquired a knighthood in the process — needed Borden's acquiescence in these ventures. On his first trip to England he found it necessary to cable Borden curtly: "No report rank from you." Borden cabled back nervously: "Are you specially desirous that your promotion should be made in meantime?" Hughes then replied firmly: "Re promotion my deputy or others announced long ago it seeming everyone wondering what wrong." (To a Canadian wit, Hughes' knighthood provided the opening for the war's most ingenious pun: "Le roi Sam Hughes.")

General Alderson, the commander of Sam's First Division, was soon complaining behind the minister's back to the governor-general. Guns, horses and men had been loaded indiscriminately on the troop transports from Quebec and it took weeks to sort them out after the disembarkation in England. Moreover, Alderson complained, Hughes' prejudices as a teetotaler were injuring morale. He had personally decreed that there would be no wet canteens and so, when they had a chance to leave the dismal Salisbury Plain encampment in England, the Canadian troops were under a strong compulsion to drink as much as they could as quickly as they could. In one of his rare retreats, Hughes authorized wet canteens but to his growing list of enemies the name of the First Division commander had been added.

Many of his other activities were, to put it mildly, provocative. He abused senior officers in front of junior officers and junior officers in front of their men, and he made no bones about it. He made many speeches holding the regular army up to ridicule and contempt; in one he lumped all the permanent officers together as barroom loafers. One junior commander, born and grown to a tradition in which such conduct was both unspeakable and unthinkable, was himself shocked into an unspeakable and unthinkable breach of discipline. He wrote the prime minister direct urging him to "get rid of this objectionable cad." Sam Hughes, he said, insulted officers and men by the score, using the vilest language "whether ladies are present or not, indiscriminately cursing all and several." When the city of Toronto conducted a mobilization test under the auspices of all the leading officials and local military officers, Sam described it publicly as "ridiculous nonsense."

Within weeks Hughes was the most newsworthy and the most debated figure in the Dominion. Sir George Foster, deputy prime minister and a senior to Hughes in the Borden cabinet, scribbled in his diary: "There is only one feeling as to Sam, that he is crazy." Even Sir William Mackenzie, the railway baron, whom Sam had befriended in parliamentary debates about the Canadian Northern, began to wonder about him.

Hughes looked all critics and doubters squarely in the eye. To Mackenzie he wrote: "In short, Sir William, my character is unique, my ways are unique, and I purpose following the old road to the end." When the Toronto Board of Trade passed a motion in censure of him he replied: "My critics will stop their yelping as a puppydog chasing an express train gives up its job as a useless task."

He wrote Borden: "It is my intention to stop all this backbiting, intriguing, whispering and all this premeditated plan of 'suppression.' They forget that half a dozen grasshoppers in a meadow make more noise than one thousand fat oxen grazing."

As for the charge of abusing officers, his only answer to that was to recall wistfully that Wellington used to order unsatisfactory subordinates shot on the spot and that Edward VII once, "in the presence of tens of thousands of soldiers and spectators," publicly dismissed a major-general who had forgotten to wear one of his decorations.

As the Valcartier encampment grew, Hughes' sense of mastery grew with it. When one of his lady secretaries invented a spade with a hole in the middle that was supposed to serve as combination trenching tool and bulletproof shield for snipers, Hughes promptly ordered twenty-five thousand of them at $1.35 each. (When they received their brief baptism of fire many months later, they proved so useless that the government sold them all off as scrap for a total of fourteen hun-



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dred dollars.) He dispensed procurement contracts in wholesale lots with reference to no one but himself. He bestowed honorary colonelcies on his most trusted purchasing agents. Only in the choice of a commander for the Canadian contingent did his self-assertiveness desert him. It had been taken for granted that the British War Office would make the appointment, with or without consultation with the Canadian government. Hughes took this for granted too, but put forward three nominees of his own, all of them Imperial officers. All were rejected. Ultimately Lord Kitchener announced that the Canadians would be led into battle by Lieutenant-General Edwin Alfred H. Alderson, whose thirty years of soldiering with the British army had taken him to the Nile, Poona, and South Africa. Hughes cabled Kitchener accepting the appointment with grateful thanks.

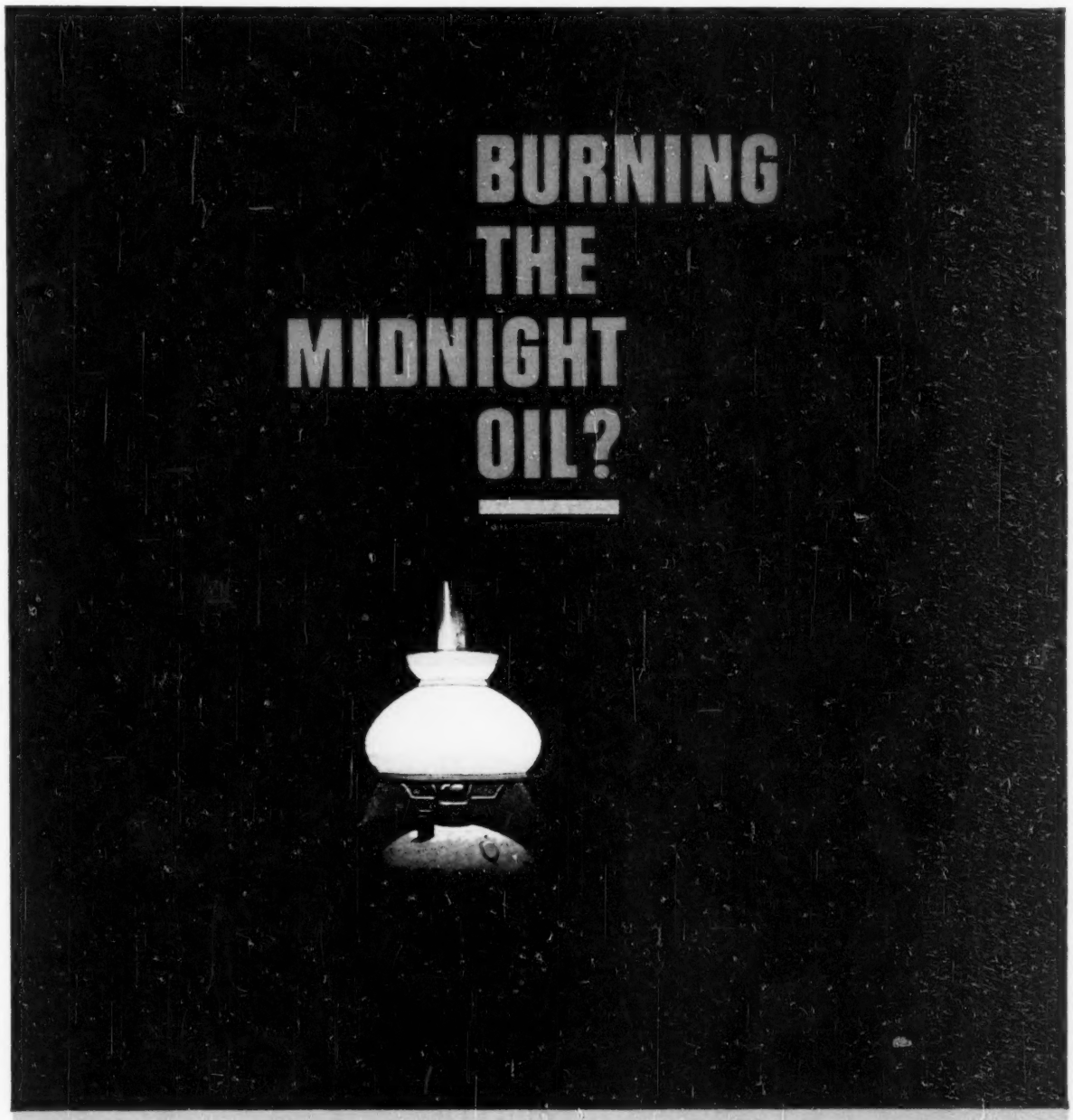
But not to Alderson, to Kitchener, or to anyone else would Hughes trust the embarkation and safe conduct of his first contingent. There were believed to be at least a dozen armed German liners in or close to the neutral and nearby harbors of Boston and New York when war broke out. When the time came for the contingent to sail from Quebec City, Hughes personally took charge of the embarkation. It probably wasn't his fault that some ships were overloaded and some underloaded — at least one so underloaded that it had to get the Quebec fire brigade to pump water ballast into its bilges before it could be considered stable enough to sail. Nor would it be fair to say it was Hughes' fault that when the last ship of the convoy departed from Quebec City it left behind on the docks a handful of men, eight hundred horses and nearly five thousand tons of wagons, ammunition and other stores and suppliers. Of the force that embarked, every man, every horse and every pound of supplies arrived in England safely. Some weeks later in a speech at London, Ontario, Hughes declared that, but for him, the entire convoy of more than thirty ships might have been sunk by the German submarines. He said he had refused to accept Lord Kitchener's advice that the transport ships were properly protected. "As a result of the continual hammering away," he said somewhat cryptically, "the people of England came to know that German submarines were hovering in the English Channel."

Once he had the first troops safely embarked, Hughes sped on ahead of them aboard a fast liner to prepare for their coming. He was in uniform when he called to see Lord Kitchener at the British



How Moncton got its name

The city of Moncton, New Brunswick, got its name because of a clerical error. The name was chosen to commemorate Lieutenant-General Robert Monckton, a dashing Irish soldier who was the right-hand man of Governor Charles Lawrence of Nova Scotia. Monckton earned a place in Canadian history in 1755 by capturing the French fort of Beauséjour, near the present town of Sackville, without losing a single man of his small force. Later he was wounded at the Plains of Abraham. In 1765 the township was formed with the name Monckton, and it was so spelled until the parish was created by an act of the Colonial Legislature in 1786. In this act it was called the Parish of Moncton. It was incorporated as the town of Monkton in 1855, but the spelling Moncton has persisted, in spite of efforts by citizens to have it changed back to Monckton. (In 1930, the city council ruled that it should be Monckton, but the councillors subsequently changed their mind.) It's unlikely that the name will ever be changed; about half the citizens are now of Acadian descent and have no great love for the memory of General Monckton.



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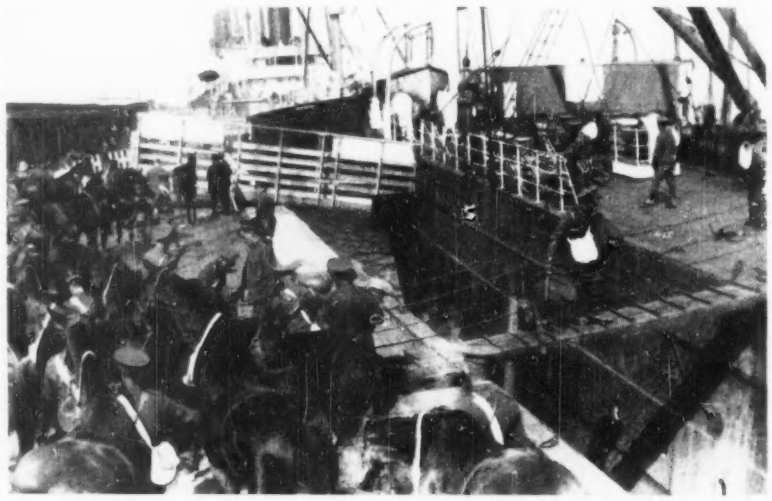
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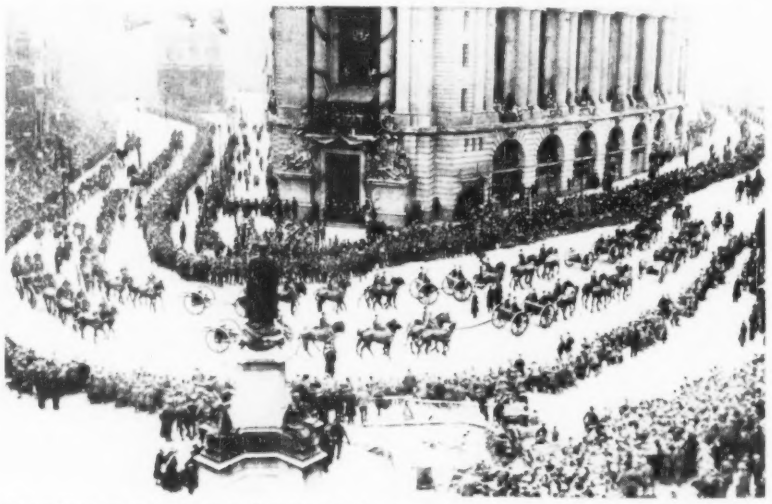
Canadians on the way to the front



Sir Sam and the Duke of Connaught review the Seaforths in 1914 at Valcartier, Que.



The first contingent embarks — although some of the horses didn't make the boat



Canadians parade through London in the panoply the recruiting officers thrived on.

War Office. According to the official history of the Canadian Army the following scene ensued: Colonel Sam marched up to Kitchener's desk. When he arrived at the desk, Kitchener spoke up quickly and in a very stern voice said: "Hughes, I see you have brought over a number of men from Canada. They are of course without training and this would apply to their officers. I have decided to divide them up among the British regiments. They will be of very little use to us as they are."

Hughes replied: "Sir, do I understand you to say that you are going to break up these Canadian regiments that came over? Why, it will kill recruiting in Canada."

Kitchener answered: "You have your orders, carry them out."

Hughes replied: "I'll be damned if I will," turned on his heel and marched out.

As Kitchener and many other eminent persons had discovered and were still to discover, Sam Hughes might have been moderately crazy but he was also very tough. He saw Asquith, the British prime minister, and Lloyd George, the chancellor of the exchequer. He exchanged cables with Borden. Kitchener's plan to break up the Canadian contingent was dropped and Hughes went back to Ottawa. ★

NEXT: SIR SAM'S BIG CRISES — SHELL PROFITEERS AND THE RIFLE THAT FAILED



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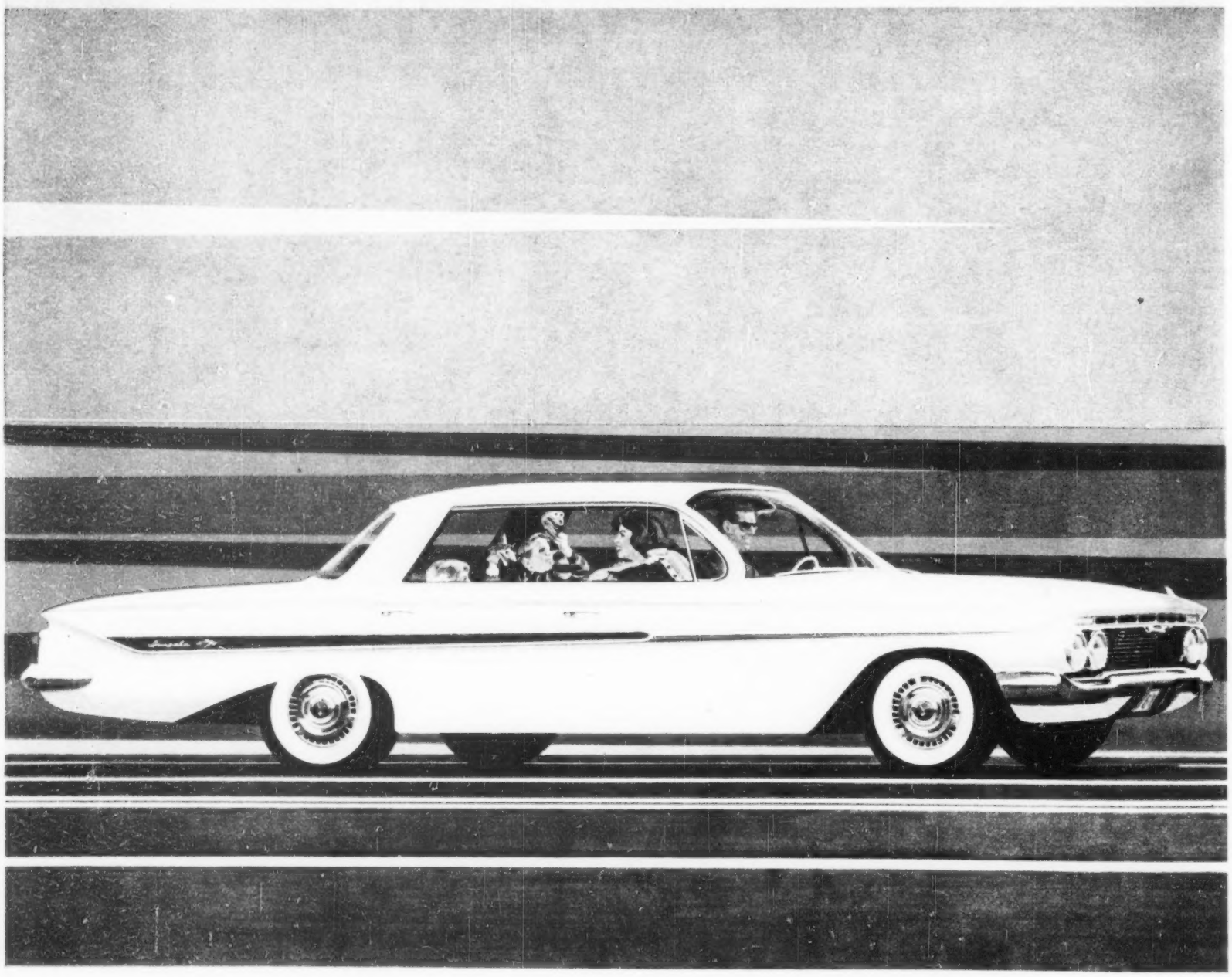
This one's got owners of high-priced cars muttering to themselves about the money they could have saved. Chevy's ride is that good. Our ingenious engineers explain their handiwork with technical talk about Full Coil suspension, precision balanced wheels, special chassis cushioning, and the superbly insulated Body by Fisher. But why not take a spin and let Chevy do its own sweet talking? Pick a road, any road . . . and see how it's an improved road under Chevrolet. See how Chevy's new ride adds up to less sway, less jounce, less dip, less dive, less tilt, less noise, less . . . well, you name it. And while you're out sampling Chevrolet's smoothness, take a good look at the nice way Chevy surrounds you with roominess, comfort and luxury. Paying more is pointless, isn't it? Thing to do is have a heart to heart talk with your Chevrolet dealer. When it comes to budget buying you'll find him talking your language.

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BACKGROUND

A doctor's diagnosis of nearly everyone: too greedy

The "acme of decadence" for Dr. W. Harding le Riche, an outspoken professor of public health at the University of Toronto, is "a fat little boy guzzling an ice cream cone." Dr. le Riche, who is also chairman of the Canadian Medical Association's nutrition committee and a member of the Canadian Council on Nutrition, believes that "many Canadians make gluttons of themselves. They can get along — and be healthier — on considerably less than most of them think is an absolute minimum of food."

"The trouble is that in this country people have the idea that if something is bigger, it's better," Dr. le Riche says. "If three eggs a week are good for health, six eggs a week will be twice as good for health. In fact, the opposite is true. Increased amounts of food can be harmful." The greatest harm is done by the foods — mostly animal fats — that produce cholesterol, a fatty substance that accumulates in arteries and is a factor in causing heart attacks.

To cut down cholesterol in the diet for adults, Dr. le Riche recommends:

No eggs: "This whole egg business has been overdone," he says. "Adults can go without eggs. In some parts of the world people go from one year to the next without seeing an egg, and they're quite healthy."

No whole milk: "A survey of German children after the war revealed that they did quite well with very little milk, but the results of the survey have been ignored in this country. Here, milk is a symbol of virtue. Bad guys drink beer and good guys drink milk. Skimmed milk, however, is an excellent food."

No gravies or sauces: "Lean meat should never be covered in gravy, and herring with sour cream should be eaten without the sour cream. The use of sugar should also be cut down. Some things are so sweetened that you can't tell what their original taste is — the white bread today is like cake."

Dr. le Riche is also against vitamin pills. He says: "Unless there is a definite deficiency — and that can be detected only by a medical examination—adults can get all the vitamins they need from a well-balanced diet. Obese people, who are tired because they're too fat, take vitamins as a tonic. They'd be better off going for a three-mile walk.

"No adult except a pregnant woman should gain weight — and even she shouldn't gain more than 25 pounds. No self-indulgent people, and our record at the last Olympics shows how self-indulgent we are, ever accomplished anything. The only time people really move is when they're a little hungry. Canadians—particularly children—should be lean and hard."—DAVID LEWIS STEIN

How Newmarket, Ont., helps to color the world

The most surprising and perhaps the fastest growing fashion capital in the world is Newmarket, Ont., a medium-sized, tree-shaded exurb of Toronto. Newmarket's contribution to fashion is in color. From the Davis Leather Company (originally owned by the family that produced the theatre's Murray and Donald Davis and Barbara Chilcott) colors spread around the world of *haut* and *bas couture* as if it were the centre of the revolving easel for an action painting. The reason is that nine years ago the Davis company hired Helen Lawson, the daughter of a Haney, B.C., chicken farmer, a former nurse who's now one of the world's most influential color consultants.

When Miss Lawson joined Davis, the company produced leather in eight colors. Now it turns it out in forty colors a year, and twenty-seven agents sell its products abroad. But the *products* account for only a small part of the Davis influence. The rest is accounted for by hundreds of other firms copying the forty Davis *colors*. Every year they appear in the clothes collections of Paris, the home-decorating schemes of New York and the shoes of all the world. I. Miller, one of the *the*-est women's shoe manufacturers in the world, consults Miss Lawson before buying its season's clothes. Edward Rayne, shoemaker to Queen Elizabeth, also checks with Davis (on the quiet).

Miss Lawson's major contribution to the colors of her time — or at least the one that's been most widely recognized — is something called "bone." She originated it four years ago, when she was in Paris to see the Christian Dior opening. Dior's collection featured beige.



"Wonderful," said Helen Lawson, "but too much yellow." She went back to Newmarket, mixed up a de-yellowed beige and the next year "bone" was a prominent color in leather, textiles and paint around the world.

Other colors she has originated that have been copied elsewhere under different names include "Mountie," a brilliant red; "whisky," a rich brown, and a bright blue she called "Ile de France."

What's good this spring? Miss Lawson's pushing "watermelon," a plush pink, and something called "spindrift green." After that? "I have a blue in mind," she says. "Brighter than navy but more vibrant than a pastel."

—SHIRLEY MAIR

The man who buys bridges and makes money

Two entrances to Canada, the Ambassador Bridge and the Windsor Tunnel, which run over and under the Detroit River at Windsor, are being bought — and sold — by a New York businessman, Robert W. Sherritt, who is the only American in his line of business.

Sherritt, who looks like Frank Lloyd Wright with glasses, buys privately owned toll bridges and sells them to public agencies. (Before 1939, when the last private toll bridge was opened, toll bridges were a gilt-edged investment.) When Sherritt has finished buying the Ambassador and Windsor shares from the 5,000 stockholders scattered from Alaska to South Africa, he'll offer both facilities to the state of Michigan. A committee of the state senate is now investigating Sherritt's asking price: $36,850,000. Ontario will get a chance to buy if Michigan refuses.

Michigan *could* have bought the bridge and tunnel directly from the owners but, like most other government agencies that deal with Sherritt, the state hasn't the time and money to investigate the property and to search out the shareholders and haggle with them over their shares. Sherritt does all that, and then calculates how long it will take the agency to which he sells the bridge to earn back its investment in tolls.

Sherritt, now 62, started his bridge game in 1935 when the owners of a steel company in Parkersburg, W. Va., asked him to liquidate their property, which included a steel bridge. He'd had a wide range of business experience — starting as a 14-year-old bank teller, he went on to make and lose a million dollars in the '20s. But after Parkersburg, Sherritt was sold on selling bridges. So far, he's bought and sold eighteen of them. — GRATTAN GRAY

An economist explains the recession's last gasp

While most of the country has been wringing its hands over Canada's continuing recession, the stock market has been going steadily and surprisingly up. Why? What does it mean? Is the recession, after all, over? For the answers to these and other questions about the health of Canada's economy, Maclean's went to W. A. Beckett, president of a Toronto economic research firm and the man who pinpointed the recession in Preview almost a year ago.

Mr. Beckett, is the present recession really coming to an end?

It has already come to an end. The recovery began in March.

Why do you think so?

There has been a turn-around in business inventories, a sharp revival in housing construction, a continuous high level of exports, and a shallow revival in capital expenditures in fields other than housing.

Can we also expect the end of large-scale unemployment?

Large-scale unemployment is a relative term. If you mean can we look for a return of 3% unemployment, the answer is definitely no. However, the average level in 1961 will certainly be below the 7% registered in 1960. In the short run, automation is displacing unskilled workers. We should pay a lot more attention to pretraining and retraining to upgrade the average scale of the labor force. There is probably no other major policy field in which governments across Canada are failing so lamentably to live up to their responsibilities. Skilled workers, on the contrary, are already finding their way back into jobs more readily.

Why has the stock market risen so spectacularly during a period of deep recession and high unemployment?

The recession was not, after all, very deep. The unemployment figures alone tend to exaggerate its severity. Nor has the rise in the stock market been spectacular by historical standards. Industrial stock prices are up about 25% in the last eight months. This is not as vigorous an increase as we have had in previous postwar business expansions. The stock market usually begins to rise about halfway through a recession and the 1960 recession was no exception. This implies, I think, that a further rise in the market is in the cards, and it may turn out to be spectacular by the time it is finished.

FOOTNOTES

About morality: The Venus de Milo had better stay away from Saskatoon. The president of that city's Ladies' Wear Merchants Association recently asked members to keep their window mannequins covered while their clothes were being changed. He said he'd had letters from shoppers complaining about "the looks of models in skimpy undies or without the proper number of arms and legs."

About bookmanship: Among the most interesting customers in a bookshop, says one Montreal store-owner, are those who come not to shop for knowledge but to display it. They had their biggest field day with Dr. Zhivago, when the ploy was to come into the store with a friend the bookman wanted to impress and ask for a copy in Russian. The Montreal seller, David Lewis, says he *ordered* a Russian edition from a U. S. publisher, was asked for it 27 times, produced it 27 times and was met with 27 "hurried and embarrassed excuses." The latest In book: Winnie ille pu.

About nationalism: Bernard Glaum (The man who was too native for the Native Sons, Maclean's, April 22) may emigrate to California. One reason: the Canadian Citizens' Society, the group Glaum founded in retaliation when the Sons expelled him, is not growing fast enough. Another: "The old-age pension is much better." Biggest difficulty: Glaum is a stationary (heating) engineer, a profession that's not overly in demand in California; but he's conquering *that* by studying air conditioning. He's taking a trip this summer just to scout the lay of the land.

About Irish dialect: A fairly recent issue of the Brandon (Man.) Sun carried the following item: "'E' for effort accorded Gertrude McCance, director of radio-television programs for the Department of Education, in a recent issue of Maclean's. Major project on her horizon is a video show of Sean O'Casey's Juno and the Peacock aimed at Grade XII students bogged in the Irish dialect."



BACKSTAGE
AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

Why Kennedy will try to enlist John Diefenbaker as his next New Frontiersman



As fellow politicians, John Kennedy and John Diefenbaker belong to different generations and vastly different schools of conduct. But both men owe their power to the same unique personal quality: the ability to stir within their electorates a ferment of rising political expectations.

This link between Diefenbaker's Vision and Kennedy's New Frontier is about to be tested at the Ottawa conference between the two leaders. During the meetings, the U.S. president is expected to challenge the Canadian prime minister to follow his example of extending the prestige and glitter of the New Frontier into imaginative programs for aiding the world's underdeveloped areas.

Since he took office, Kennedy has reoriented and revitalized U.S. foreign-aid commitments. He is known to want Canada to follow suit. An appeal based on the internationalizing of the Diefenbaker Vision may prove difficult to resist.

The officials who are preparing background papers for the conference expect that Kennedy will invite Diefenbaker to join the U.S. in backing an imaginative new kind of foreign-aid effort, one that would require us to reverse the approach we've used since the war.

While aid given by Canada compares favorably with totals from other Western countries, we have in the past insisted that recipient nations spend nearly all their aid money on Canadian goods, Canadian machines and Canadian technical skills. Our contribution to the Colombo Plan, for example, is little more than a subsidized export program that enables Canadian firms to win contracts at much higher prices than the recipient countries would pay on the open, international market, plus a giveaway of surplus grains.

What Kennedy advocates instead is aid based on a system of low- or no-interest long-term loans that would not have to be spent in the donor countries. This would allow recipient nations to integrate the funds into their economies, instead of having to depend on short-term gifts of industrial and commodity surpluses.

Kennedy would also like to see Canada raise the total of its foreign-aid commitments to the annual equivalent of one percent of our gross national product—relatively the same level as current American contributions.

This would mean a Canadian outlay of about $350 million a year—nearly six times our present effort.

The American president is expected as well to urge Canadian participation in what he has called "the majestic concept of Operation Pan-America"—his $600 million plan to combat illiteracy, disease and poverty in Central and South America. He'll probably renew with vigor the American position that Canada should belong to the Organization of American States, pointing out the advantages of closer alliance with the Latin countries at a time when they're grouping themselves into free-trade areas. Canada's aid to Latin America has so far been limited to three experts who are helping to reorganize Bolivian tin mines that have got loans from the Inter-American Bank.

In his reply to Kennedy's request for a greater Canadian foreign-aid effort, Diefenbaker can point to some substantial achievements of his administration. Shortly after the Conservatives assumed office, even though they made no promises about foreign aid in their election campaigns, they increased Canada's contribution to the Colombo Plan from $35 million to $50 million a year. Canada was the first country to announce a cash contribution ($10.5 million over three years) to an African Colombo Plan. The government also initiated a five-year $11 million aid plan to the West Indies, and has increased its grants to the many aid agencies of the United Nations. Not including contributions to the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the new International Development Association, Canadian economic aid is now running at about $63 million a year—significantly higher than at any time under the Liberals.

The government also has greatly improved the efficiency of this country's aid effort by concentrating its many pieces, formerly scattered among the departments of trade and commerce, finance and external affairs, into a central Foreign Aid Office under the direction of H. O. Moran, one of the brightest people in the Canadian foreign service. Moran is a career diplomat who has served as our ambassador to Turkey and high commissioner to Pakistan.

And yet they're reticent

Despite these and other constructive moves, Conservative politicians seldom mention Canadian foreign aid, except to point out, as the prime minister did in a Montreal speech last month, that "practically the whole amount which Canada is currently contributing to the Colombo Plan is paid out to Canadian firms and individuals and represents a substantial amount of business."

Under our Colombo Plan aid we've been accepting requests only for those projects for which Canada can provide nearly all the goods and services that can't be supplied in the recipient country. Aside from the ships themselves, the engines for the vessels we're giving to the West Indies, for instance, could have been bought for more than 10 percent less in Britain, but only Canadian tenders were considered. The government is kept under constant pressure not to make any aid purchases outside the country. When a contract for only $7,500 worth of electrical equipment was awarded to a British firm recently, the Canadian Electrical Association sent letters of protest to every important member of cabinet, including the prime minister. "The more quickly the less developed countries can become self-supporting, active participants in a greatly expanded world trading community," Diefenbaker said recently, "the greater will be the opportunities for Canadian exports."

The sharpest criticism of this commercial attitude to foreign aid has come from Mitchell Sharp, vice-president of Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Co. and a former deputy minister of trade and commerce, who told the third annual conference of the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO in Toronto: "There is one good and sufficient reason for international aid—that there are less fortunate people in the world who need our help. If they're grateful for our help, so much the better, and if by reason of the aid they become bigger customers for Canadian goods and services, better still. But the inspiration for what we must do must be essentially humanitarian and unselfish."

With the government out, others come in

Because of the government's failure to participate significantly in educational aid, Canadian universities and many private citizens are increasingly moving into the field. A survey by The Financial Post showed 2,300 non-white students currently enrolled at Canadian universities—with government funds contributing to the education of only one in eight.

The most highly organized national campaign to introduce more foreign undergraduates into Canada is the African Students Foundation, which is currently trying to raise $250,000 to carry on its work of bringing over young Africans. A few universities have agreed to grant them scholarships; students at the Ryerson Institute of Technology in Toronto recently voted to increase their own fees so that they might adopt some of the Africans.

At the same time groups like the Canadian Overseas Volunteers, organized at the University of Toronto by Fred Stinson, the Conservative MP for York Centre, are preparing to send young Canadian graduates to help at the village level in underdeveloped areas. Stinson, who toured Asia last year, is convinced that the government should enter this field in a massive way. He's having films made of what this year's first group of ten volunteers will accomplish and plans to show them personally to Howard Green, secretary of state for external affairs. So far the government has given him verbal encouragement and no money.

The Kennedy-Diefenbaker discussions will undoubtedly touch this area where government policy in Canada seems to be trailing public opinion, but it's doubtful if either leader can put the case more strongly than Lewis Perinbam, the brilliant young Malayan-born associate secretary of the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO, who said recently: "In spite of its massive aid programs, the West still faces the grave danger of being isolated from and so threatened by the two-thirds of humanity living in conditions of poverty and despair. We like to regard North America as the heart of the free world, but to many of the world's impoverished peoples it seems less the free world than just the rich world. Unless the West sees this human revolution as its own creation and is willing to become involved in that revolution, it is ignoring at its peril the real challenge of the second half of the twentieth century." ★



U.S. REPORT

Ian Sclanders IN WASHINGTON

What the cooler heads knew all along about Cuba

And why one reporter missed the "liberation"

WASHINGTON—I have among my souvenirs an application form from Lem Jones Associates, Incorporated, 280 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., a firm of press agents retained by the anti-Castro forces to publicize their struggle. By filling in this form I was to have gained the privilege of being one of the correspondents to report the victory of the invaders. I never did fill it in because, obviously, the party was off almost before it started. The raiders had been crushed and the U. S. leaders who openly backed them are in a solemn and chastened mood. It is clear now—and it should have been clear before — that Castro is no pushover.

What happened? How could intelligent men have been so wrong? The only answer is that when inflamed emotions take over, judgment flies out the window. The anti-Castro elements, quite understandably, were in a highly emotional state. So were the people of the U. S., who, at the moment, probably dislike Castro more than they dislike anybody else. While they have no love for the Russian and Chinese leaders, the Russians and Chinese at least are farther away than Castro, who is almost within rowboating distance of Florida.

Because they felt as they did, the Americans convinced themselves that as soon as the "liberators" established beachheads, the Cubans would rise as one man. Nothing less could have saved the attackers from disaster.

It's unfortunate that the anti-Castroites and their U. S. supporters couldn't have been ruled by cooler heads. And, among the diplomats in Havana, there were plenty of cooler heads who could have been consulted. I was in touch with some of them myself, just before the invasion was launched.

The picture I got was this—that Castro, while his position might be deteriorating, hadn't yet had enough time or rope to hang himself and could, unless the U. S. intervened, continue to boss Cuba indefinitely.

Discontent has spread from the upper class down through the middle class, but is just beginning to be felt by the laboring class in the cities and towns. In rural areas most Cubans are still enthusiastically pro-Castro. Castro's youth movement is flourishing, with thousands of teenagers of both sexes armed and in uniform.

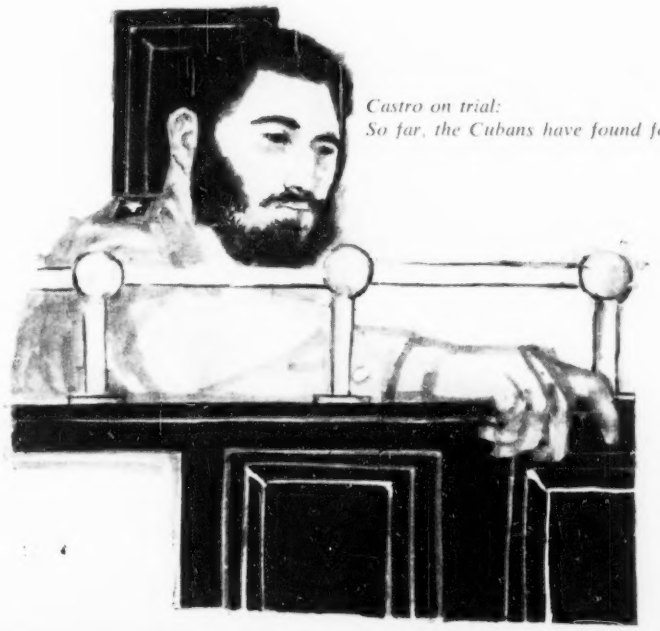
Shortages: The most spectacular material shortages have been in soap, toilet paper and beer and soft drinks. For more than a fortnight there was no soap to be had in Havana and when a shipment finally arrived crowds queued up outside the stores. Each customer was allotted one small bar of soap and one very small box of soapflakes and within an hour the whole shipment had been exhausted. Cubans in search of toilet paper go from one shop to another, often with no luck. Supplies of beer and soft drinks frequently run out. A curious item planted in Havana newspapers by government propagandists attributed the beverage shortage to prosperity, in its opening paragraph—Cubans were so affluent they could buy more beverages than ever before. But, in subsequent paragraphs, the item admitted that the glass factory hadn't been able to maintain the bottle output, and that it had also been impossible to obtain cork liners for metal bottle caps. There is no shortage of food in Cuba, although supplies are less abundant and less varied than they used to be and prices are up. Canadian salt cod, a traditional staple in the Cuban diet, is no longer available; instead, grocery stores offer canned beef and pork from Russia and Poland, canned smoked cod from Russia. There is canned milk from Russia and Poland; carrots and other root vegetables have been imported from Poland. Electric light bulbs now come from Russia.

Jobs: There is no more unemployment than has been considered normal in the past, but urban workers appear to be worse off. They gained wage increases in the first months of the Castro administration but there is no suggestion of further increases, although prices and various government pay deductions are pinching them. Workers, if they wish to hold their civilian jobs, are expected to join the militia and drill and do guard duty by night. Lately they've had to volunteer to spend their weekends cutting sugarcane. Castro claims that Cuba is reaping a record cane crop this year, but there is a scarcity of regular cane-cutters. This is partly because the wages are unattractive. The wages of cutters are fixed by a complicated formula and rise and fall with the price of sugar, which is now down, the U. S. having ceased to be a customer. Another factor is that many rural laborers who formerly cut cane are currently building highways. By and large, rural Cubans seem to be better off than they were before the revolution.

Transport: Since Christmas, Cuba has been flooded with Czech and Russian vehicles, most of them military-type trucks, some of them buses. There are no serious transportation problems. In spite of acts of sabotage at oil refineries —one of these was shot full of holes by a raiding motor torpedo boat—you can buy all the gasoline you want anywhere in Cuba.

Factories: Due to lack of raw materials, lack of efficient management, or both, production is dwindling at a lot of industrial plants. For example, Cuba's three tire plants—all seized from American owners — are closed. This is attributed to a shortage of carbon black, formerly imported from the U. S. Cuba's paint plants are still operating but are making less paint, in fewer kinds and colors. Indeed, difficulties have developed in most plants. The real reason is that the Americans who managed them went home after the revolution. Cuban technicians took over for a while but these technicians, disgusted by the turn of political events and Castro's dealings with the Communists, soon joined the stream of refugees and followed the managers to the United States. Those who replaced them were utterly unqualified. In a typical case a clerk, suddenly thrust into management, knew a U. S. firm's brand name and catalogue number for a chemical he had to have to keep his factory in production, but didn't know the generic name of the chemical. He couldn't buy it from the U. S. firm because of the embargo against Cuba, and had to send a sample to West Germany to be analyzed. Then, when he found what the chemical was and ordered it in West Germany, the Cuban government cancelled the order because he hadn't first tried to obtain the substance from Russia or a Russian satellite.

Economic planning: While the plants taken over from the Americans are in trouble, ships are unloading the vanguard of fifty or sixty new factories prefabricated for Cuba in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Russia. These arrive with technicians who show the Cubans how to assemble and run them. The first to go into production manufactures pencils; the second will manufacture cutlery; a third will manufacture a cheap line of stoves and refrigerators. The drive to attain a greater degree of industrialization is basic to Castro's economic plans for urban areas. In rural areas he is continuing his program to redistribute land, diversify crops and establish co-operatives.



Castro on trial:
So far, the Cubans have found for him.

Defense: Cuba is an armed camp. Castro's forces have an abundance of modern Russian and Czech weapons, plus U. S. weapons Castro captured when he whipped the old dictator, Batista. Practically everybody in Cuba has a rifle and is in the militia. In the cities, the loyalty of the militia may be suspect, since a large proportion of its membership was induced to join by compulsion, but the peasants Castro has put in uniform give the impression of being fanatically loyal.

Outlook: Castro is losing ground, and unrest and confusion are growing. But the ordinary Cuban is willing to string along with Castro for a while yet and give him a chance to keep his grandiose promises.

That's about the picture, as I got it from sources that are thoroughly reliable, although I am not permitted to identify them. There is little in it to indicate that Castro has reached the end of his tether.

Those who say he's had it should meet a short wiry black man named Tom whom I met last November in the western Cuban province of Pinar del Rio. A worker in the tobacco fields, he couldn't read or write. He had gone to bed hungry half the nights of his life, in a mud hut with a few palm leaves for a roof. Now he was sitting in a rocking chair on the porch of a neat new bungalow with indoor plumbing. Beside him sat the woman by whom he'd had nine children. Their larder was filled. "I'm going to marry her pretty soon," Tom said in Spanish with a toothless grin. "Live in a fine house, you got to get married." Proudly, he showed me through the bungalow. It had been built under one of Castro's plans and, to Tom, it was a palace. As he took me through it, I opened a closed door. Behind it, in a clothesbasket, stood three well-oiled military rifles.

"When Fidel Castro asks me to, I take them out and fight," he said. There are hundreds of thousands of Toms and hundreds of thousands of rifles in Cuba —and this is a fact that potential invaders shouldn't ignore.

Nor should they ignore the fact that this is the year all Cubans are supposed to learn to read. Tom and his prospective wife and hundreds of thousands of other Cubans eagerly anticipate the coming of the teachers. It is, to them, a miracle that they can have this opportunity.

Invaders should not ignore, either, the fact that Castro has the youth of Cuba on his side. He has given teenagers boots, guns and battlejackets, and a better chance for an education than they've ever had before.

A realistic appraisal of Cuba and Castro can't be made with one eye closed. Castro's assets have to be weighed against his liabilities. The April invaders didn't do this, nor did their Washington friends. That's why there has been not only a loss of life but also what may be an irreparable loss of U. S. prestige in Latin America. ★

ENTERTAINMENT

In books, at least, it's: Canada si, everybody else no

Si, too, for history, satire and animals

Do Canadians read whatever Americans read, or do they follow their own taste? Later this year, newspaper readers across the country will be able to see for themselves, when a best-seller list prepared by Quill and Quire magazine, a publishing trade monthly, is distributed for publication.

Quill and Quire has been keeping its list for more than a year, and a comparison of the Canadian best-sellers with those on the New York Times list shows there *are* national characteristics to our reading.

First, and perhaps least surprising, Canadians prefer Canadian books. No Quill and Quire list has fewer than three Canadian books on it and on most lists they account for at least half. In February of this year (while no Canadian books were on the Times list), six of the top ten fiction books (including the top two) and seven of the top non-fiction (including the top four) were Canadian. Currently, William Shirer's The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich is the best-selling non-fiction book in Canada, as it has been in the U.S. for nearly six months, but the top work of fiction is Thomas Raddall's The Governor's Lady, followed by Wilder Penfield's The Torch and David Walker's Where the High Winds Blow.

Books written *by* Canadians, even when they're not *about* Canada (Norman Phillips' account of South Africa, The Tragedy of Apartheid, is an example), enjoy social favor here. But the most popular book in Canada during the past twelve months was written about Canada by a man who is now an American citizen: Peacemaker or Powder-Monkey, by James M. Minifie.

Canadians seem to like animal stories (Born Free, the biography of a tame lion, has done better on the Quill and Quire list than in the States), history, satire (C. Northcote Parkinson is a Canadian favorite) and biography more than U.S. readers do, although some of the flimsiest of American books —including Jack Paar's autobiography —have been on Quill and Quire's list.

Springtime (again) for Reno Bertoia



Reno Bertoia, a 26-year-old infielder who is the closest thing to a Canadian playing regularly in major-league baseball, hit a home run on opening day this season and started the chauvinistic ball fans of Canada hoping again. Bertoia, who was born in St. Vito, Italy, but came to Windsor, Ont., at the age of 22 months and grew up there, has been one of the brightest *spring* stars in the major leagues since about 1956, the year the Detroit Tigers, who had paid him $25,000 just to sign with them, installed him as a regular. That year, he hit a double on opening day, but it traveled 400 feet into a mighty wind and all the sportswriters present (at least all the *Canadian* sportswriters present) agreed it would have been a home run in a calm.

But Bertoia lasted for only 22 games that year. By early summer his batting average was .182 and he had hit only one more double. He was sent to the minors. The next year, he stayed hotter longer. By late spring he was hitting .398. For three weeks he led the American League in batting. Then a Detroit sportswriter discovered the Tigers' doctor had been giving Bertoia tranquilizers. The Tigers got a new doctor. Bertoia got a slump. By the end of the year, his average was .298 and he had played only 97 games. In 1958, with his average in the 200s, the Tigers traded him to the Washington Senators and went off in quest of another Canadian to bring the fans across the river.

Bertoia hit .237 for the Senators in 1959 and got into only 90 games. But last year, he hit well enough in the spring to lead the league briefly, to coast into fail with an average of .265 and to play in 121 games.

This year the Senators have moved to Minneapolis and St. Paul, to play as the Minnesota Twins. In the season's early weeks, the team that had once inspired the slogan, "Washington: first in war, first in peace and last in the American League," was *first* in the American League. Bertoia was one of the reasons. He was fielding solidly, choking his bat for more accuracy (at the expense of power) and looking forward to a summer of fresher-than-Washington weather.

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Ustinov: good act, no wit

ROMANOFF AND JULIET: Producer-director Peter Ustinov wrote this screenplay from his own stage hit and also appears in it as the twinkling, benignly sardonic chief of state of a country named Concordia which is so tiny that it has no room for jet-plane runways. A deadlock at the United Nations suddenly makes Concordia a vital pawn in the Cold War, fawningly besieged with "aid" and flattery from both East and West. Then a pseudo-Shakespearean romance flares up between the American ambassador's daughter (Sandra Dee) and a handsome Russian officer (John Gavin). There are several moments of quiet drollery but the satire is disappointingly thin and Ustinov's directorial pace is sluggish. His own acting performance, however, is as skillful as usual.



FIVE GOLDEN HOURS: The amusing Ernie Kovacs and the gorgeous Cyd Charisse, both from Hollywood, fail to redeem this heavy-handed British comedy. It's about an Italian rascal (Kovacs) who consoles and swindles a group of rich, silly widows. Much of the film's "humor" is a tasteless lampoon of mental-hospital patients.

A FRENCH MISTRESS: A shapely mademoiselle from Paris (Agnès Laurent) stirs up all kinds of innocent mischief after joining the teaching staff of an English school for boys. Though predictable all the way, it's a smoothly professional comedy which benefits from the presence of such adroit farceurs as James Robertson Justice and Cecil Parker.

HAND IN HAND: Toronto's ebullient Helen Winston produced this pleasant little opus in Britain, with a story about two children whose friendship flourishes despite religious differences. The girl (Loretta Parry) is a Jew, and the boy (Philip Needs) is a Catholic. Both are charming and unaffected under the skilled direction of Philip Leacock, who made The Little Kidnappers.

PEPE: Mexico's idol, Cantinflas, is a gifted and endearing comedian but his talents are sadly diluted in this marathon yarn. Producer-director George Sidney, obviously trying to storm the box office in the Mike Todd manner, has clogged the screen with dozens of "guest stars" ranging from Frank Sinatra to Hedda Hopper, but most of their cameo "bits" are dull and perfunctory. Hollywood itself is the locale, with Cantinflas as a lovable hobo endeavoring to protect his pet horse from exploitation in the movie colony.

And these are worth seeing:

The Angry Silence
The Hoodlum Priest
One-Eyed Jacks
A Raisin in the Sun
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning
Tunes of Glory

Richler and some others honor a Canadian poet

Let no man say Canadian writers are being ignored. Pauline Johnson—setting a dangerous precedent, perhaps—recently became the first Canadian writer to appear on a five-cent stamp. Miss Johnson (or Tekahionwake) is, of course, the famous Mohawk poet who was born a hundred years ago in Brantford, Ontario, and has been the subject of many commemorative celebrations across the land. Most recently, her Legends of Vancouver was reissued by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, and this occasion was marked by a dinner, at the YMCA in Brantford, that I was lucky enough to attend. I sat with Oliver Smith and party (his daughter, Diana Smith, was last year's Miss Ontario) and Professor C. F. Klinck, representatives, respectively, of the Six Nations reserve and the University of Western Ontario. Professor Klinck asked many polite but probing questions about life on the reserve and Miss Smith finally countered, with an innocent smile, "Are you people Canadians?"

The professor began to sip his tomato juice and I turned to the lady next to me. "I'm so glad to be here," she said. "This is no ordinary dinner. I'm sure the speeches will be on the highest cultural level."

Oliver Smith informed us that the Indian population was increasing rapidly. "We'll get our country back yet." He also said, "We're not Canadians. We don't recognize artificial borders. We're North Americans." And I warmed to him at once.

The program got off to a fine start with some tribal dances by Chief Red Cloud, a most engaging man, and his grandson, Little White Bear. The chief began with a war dance. "We must keep in shape, you know," he said. He told us that his son had appeared with the Bertram Mills Circus in London, and then he did another dance. This time he knocked down a portrait of Miss Johnson that had been set on a chair at the rear of the platform. "I dance too hard," he said.

The chairman of the dinner, sponsored by the Brantford Arts Council and the Institute of Iroquoian Studies, introduced all the notables present. One after another schoolteachers, librarians, lecturers, and authors, stood up, said how nice it was to honor Pauline, and sat down. One of the last to rise was the historian of Grand River Valley.

Next we were treated to a vocal selection by Miss Rosalie Burnham, who was in Indian costume. She went down best with Tommy Dorsey's arrangement of Indian Love Call (an old favorite of mine, too), and then Dr. George F. Davidson, deputy minister of Citizenship and Immigration, rose to speak. Immediately, the lady next to me, the one expectant of such a high cultural tone, got up to go.

"Though highbrow critics tilted their literary noses high in the air," Dr. Davidson said, "Pauline Johnson was the most truly Canadian poet of them all."

Chief Red Cloud, the bells of his magnificent headdress ringing, waved goodbye to one and all, and left with his grandson.

"It's not high-class poetry," Dr. Davidson said. "In fact, I don't know if it's great or good or what, but ordinary plain Canadians, like ourselves, like it. Miss Johnson wrote for our boyish enjoyment, like William Shakespeare."

A local writer of fiction, Miss Jessie L. Beattie, read a tribute in verse to Miss Johnson. Her poem was marked by rhymes like free/loyalty and brotherhood/common good, which illustrated that, at the very least, she was at one about high-class literary criticism with Dr. Davidson, the chairman, the ladies of the school board, the librarian, the historian of Grand River Valley, and others too numerous to catalogue here.

—MORDECAI RICHLER



Herbert Matter

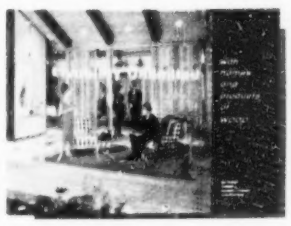
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New flowers-by-wire special for Mother's Day

May 14

Make something warm and human and wonderful happen...send this flowers-by-wire value

Here's a special Mother's Day remembrance of flowers-by-wire—and you can see it before you send it, just as your Mother will receive it!

Ask your FTD florist to show you this beautiful gift of carnations and bright spring flowers artistically arranged and available in a variety of colors. Delivered in a classic milk glass vase your Mother will use again and again.

She'll be deeply touched by your thoughtfulness in sending such a lovely gift. So take advantage of this special new offer—and surprise *your* Mother! Look up your FTD florist now in the phone book Yellow Pages under FTD—Florists' Telegraph Delivery.

Traditional Mother's Day Gift
in a Keepsake Milk Glass Vase

Complete only $7.50*

Deluxe specials higher

This Emblem Guarantees Quality and Delivery —or your money back

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*prices may vary slightly in some locations. Price shown does not include sales tax or handling charges.

See Your FTD Florist

and make Mother happy